









TO CORRESPONDENTS.  
All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily in full, but in such a way as to enable the editor to identify the writer. Write on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates, to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

It has come to be a proverb among the apartment houses that it is a wise tenant who knows his own coal-burn.

BARRING the implied dissent of train robbers themselves, the sentiment in favor of hanging the bandits is unanimous. But this dissent is potent, and shows how the majority is sometimes at the mercy of a truculent minority.

A FRENCH aeronaut has just fallen 1,500 feet. It would not have been so bad if he had not made several feet of the distance after striking the surface of the earth. It is an awful bore to be compelled to excavate the finish of a balloon ascension.

INSTEAD of the time-honored "dearly beloved," or "brethren," in which the pulpit has always addressed the congregation, the famous Canon Foddy has introduced an innovation in one of the "highest" of English churches. He speaks to his hearers with the simple word, "gentlemen." The change is exciting discussion and free comment.

THREE expositions are to be held in Europe in 1894, more of less international in their character. At Lyons will be held a great show of silks, velvets, ribbons, etc., and all the varied and beautiful products of the silkworm and loom. At Madrid will be held an exhibition of Spanish arts and industries. At Antwerp, in Belgium, however, will be held the only really international exhibition of the year.

A CURIOUS defect in French law was brought to light in the suit of the ex-king of Naples against his brother, Count de Bari, and Richard, the recognized son of the latter. The question was, whose son is Richard? It might have been thought that Richard's mother would be a useful witness. But, as the affair is a civil one, Richard's mother cannot be questioned; for in French law a woman is considered incapable of answering a civil question.

AN unexpected danger lurks in the trolley wire, if the blinding of a young man in Brooklyn really resulted from an electric flash when a car was passing. If a current of electricity strong enough to inflict such injury can be projected a considerable distance through the air, it is important that the public should know it. The danger from lightning at various distances from the point of impact is well known. It is remarkable, however, if the current of a trolley wire is capable of such dangerous projection.

THE Czar has issued a ukase barring out the American tonline system of life insurance from all the Russias. There is a simple directness about the Czar's methods of riding himself of this nuisance that must command admiration. It will certainly awaken burning envy in the minds of hundreds of American business men who would fain bar out from their offices the agents and all other methods and the tontine and all other methods and the agents thereof. But unfortunately the American citizen isn't a czar; he can't issue a ukase; nobody would pay any attention to it if he did. And if he kicks the exploiter of tontine or other systems of life insurance down the stairs he will be fined for assault by an unsympathetic court.

AMONG the passengers landed in Philadelphia the other day from a Belgian steamship was a French peasant woman with thirteen children. She told the immigration officials that twelve others had died in France. When the woman applied for tickets to the West it was discovered that as the result of a miscount she had only enough money to pay the fare of twelve children. A message was sent to the husband in a Western State, and the money with which to procure the additional ticket was soon at hand. Then this brave woman, the mother of twenty-five children, with thirteen of them under her wing, set out to meet her plucky husband and begin life anew in the "Great Republic."

KAISER WILHELM was determined to have peace this year. But it will strike the critical observer that he is paying a long price for it. The new commercial treaty with Russia gives the latter country immense trade advantages, for which she offers but meager returns. Germany fought one of the most sanguinary and exhausting wars of the century—that of 1870-71—to gain advantages in trade similar to those which Russia is now securing without firing a shot or losing a man. The Kaiser will find himself severely criticised, a year or two hence, for paying so heavily for peace—unless in the meantime the great European war has come, and Germany has been victorious in it.

THE Jones County calf case in Iowa bids fair to have a parallel in Mississippi. John Carroll and Thomas Hancock, of Mercer County, in that State, are at law over one Berkshire hog, valued at \$7. The case has already been through three courts at an expense of \$800, but the litigants are only getting their second wind. They are now girding up their loins for the final struggle in the Supreme Court. By the time the case is decided, two or three generations of

lawyers will have made a good thing of it, and the descendants of Carroll and Hancock will probably be in the poorhouse. As for the hog, he has been killed and eaten long ago.

Boston must be confounding in phantom fashion a Mrs. Jane G. Austin, announced in extended obituary from the Hub as "the novelist," with Jane G. Austen, truly the novelist, who has been dead more years than the Bostonian decedent lived. Mrs. Austin, whose most famous work is dedicated by fresh eulogy to be "A Nameless Nobleman," has no relationship etymological, consanguineous, or literary with the Miss Austen whose works made even Macaulay regret that she should have died so young. The author of novels as free from blot as hers might well be astonished at the species of novel which prevails to-day. The Bostonian novelist wrote neither well enough nor ill enough to be known for praise or blame beyond the shadow of Bunker Hill.

THERE is no weapon so effective in political warfare as ridicule, and there is no man so susceptible to ridicule as the professional joker. Both these truths have received redemonstration in the defeat of John Kendrick Bangs, humorist by trade and politician for recreation, for the Mayoralty of the city of Yonkers. Mr. Bangs ran on the Democratic ticket in a Democratic stronghold. No allegations of bad character, inability, or unfitness for the duties of the office were made against him, and yet he, humorist, litterateur, bon vivant, and man-about-town, met defeat by about 200 plenteous ballots at the hands of a plain, ordinary Republican politician of the name of Peene. It was a most peculiar campaign. It was not fought upon any of the established lines usually governing the conduct of municipal contests. Nor personalities nor politics entered into it to any great degree. All Bangs' opposition did was to secure numerous copies of the current number of the publication in which he is wont to print his humorous lucubrations, and mark the most dismal of them, and send a copy of the magazine with an explanatory note to each voter in the balliwick. And the wielders of suffrage saw the joke. It was a better joke than any of Bangs' making. It was a joke even the dullest intellect could comprehend in all its fullness and beauty. And the honest, joke-loving electors of Yonkers arose and went to the polls and snowed under Bangs the humorist in a way which should prove an everlasting warning to all other fabricators of mild quips and innocuous jests and diluted satires. The humor of Yonkers proved itself a superior article to the humor of Bangs. And the truism quoted were again indorsed.

A VERITABLE craze raged in England, last year, against the substantial, heavy build of which Englishmen were formerly so proud. Edmund Yates and Labouchere, both of whom are quite shapeless and utterly guiltless of the lines of beauty, have been abusing the anti-fat people vehemently in public and private, but the anti-fat crusade goes on with unabated vigor. According to Yates and Labouchere, one-half the people of the upper circles have given up trying to get thin. About two-thirds of them have succeeded. One duke—whose name is not given, and who is probably the Duke of Portland—has taken seventeen inches off his waist measure by living on beef, steak, dry toast, and prunes. He has not varied from this diet in six months, and he now has a beautiful, small waist. But he is not beautiful. Like a number of other fat people who have reduced themselves, it is found that the skin, which had been stretched by abundant avoirdupois, refuses to contract after the fat has been melted away, and the duke's face is a mass of wrinkles. So are the shoulders of a famous duchess and the cheeks of a famous beautiful countess, who was once plump, and rosy, and pleasant to look upon. Now she is slightly stoop-shouldered, emaciated, and poetical; but she does not please the anti-fat reformers in any way. An essayist, who has taken up this weighty subject in the London Times, attributes all the hubbub over it to Du Maurier, of Punch. All of his men are built as though they stood six feet four in height, with a chest measure of fifty-two inches, and a waist measure of about eighteen inches. It is the ghastly struggle of the English race to live up to the Du Maurier standard that is causing all the trouble.

He Could Stand It.  
A church organization in Maine intending to give a performance of some oratorio were a little alarmed about the cost of the thing. Accordingly the director of the chorus suggested to the leader of the orchestra that he should be engaged.  
"We've got to keep our expenses down, and I thought we might get you to leave out the trombones. You know they have only four measures in the entire oratorio, and if you leave them out we can save at least \$25, and no one be the wiser."  
The leader of the orchestra, as suggested a tragic attitude and answered: "That would be an insult to the composer."  
Thereupon the chorus director observed: "Oh, never mind him; he's dead."

SEVERAL foreign governments are urging their people not to immigrate to America. Residents of the United States are prone to find fault with the management of affairs abroad, but in this instance the only complaint heard resembles a rather emphatic "amen." There seem to be already here as many poverty-stricken aliens as can starve to death comfortably.

## HOW TO HAVE A HOME

SUGGESTIONS TO THOSE INTENDING TO BUILD.

A House Handsome, Convenient and Compact—Exterior in Very Striking—Splendid Cellar for the Storage of Fuel and Other Purposes.

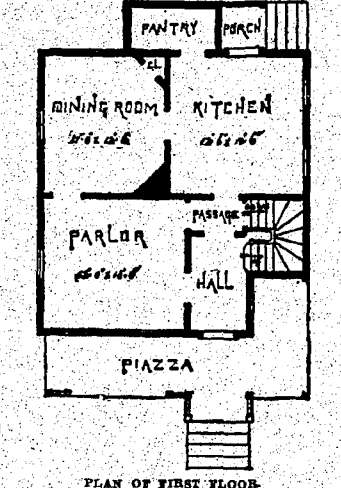
An Eight-Room Cottage.  
For a compact arrangement this handsome house, from Palliser's American Architecture, cannot be beat. There is a splendid cellar under the whole house, arranged for the storage of fuel and other purposes; a well has also been put down in the cellar which, with the cistern, supplies an unlimited amount of water at the kitchen sink through the aid of a pump. The attic is very spacious, and will be found very useful as a place for drying clothes, or should it be found necessary at some future time two rooms could be finished off, which would be almost as good sleeping rooms as any in the house.

There is but one chimney, which is



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

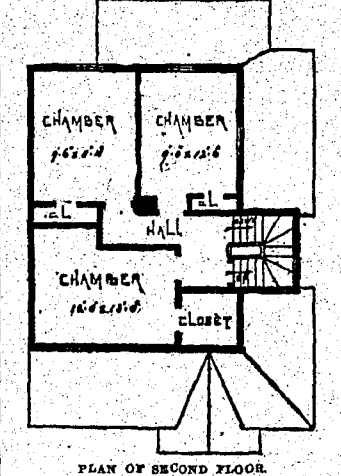
so placed that it can be used from all the rooms on first floor; the staircase is also placed in a position to be easy of access from all parts of the house; two doors are placed between the hall and kitchen, a feature which cannot fail to commend itself. The windows in the hall and staircase are filled entirely with ornamental and stained glass, as are also those in the attic; the other windows in the house have the lower sash glazed in two lights of ordinary glass, while the upper sash has a white light in center and small colored lights on each side. The interior is finished in a very pleasing, yet economical manner, the casings of doors and windows are trimmed with a back mold, though they are not mitred at the angles as is usually done, but a square block, ornamented with sunk work to be picked out in color is placed in the corner, and the molding cut square against it; this is a decided improvement on the monotonous mitred back mold which we see in nearly every house. The rooms are all of ample accommodation to meet the requirements, and



PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR.

each chamber is supplied with a good closet.  
The exterior is very striking, the front facade very handsome, and a free rendering of what is known as the Queen Anne style of architecture; the front veranda, and especially the hood over entrance, is very pretty—in fact, this is one of the prettily designed cottages which will always attract attention.

An architect designs a building with special reference to the colors to be used in painting, and as color is the life of design, his instructions in this respect should be minutely followed if the desired result is to be arrived at. This cottage has been



PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR.

Painted Venetian red, trimmed with Indian red, the shutters, cut and sunk work being picked out in black, making it very effective and showing the detail boldly. The cost is \$1,400, and the architects doubt if there is any one who can show a prettier house, either in arrangement or appearance, for the same price.

(Copyright by Palliser, Palliser & Co., New York.)

Girls in China.  
Grimly significant is the notice set up by the side of a piece of water in Foochow: "Girls must not be drowned in this pond." The day of woman has not dawned in China. The calamity of a daughter is a serious one, and it is not infrequently a serious one as we lessen the kitten and puppy nuisance—by drowning. They have a proverb out there that "the worst son is better than the cleverest daughter."

## MONTANA HAS AN ICE MINE.

Prospectors Using It as a Refrigerator and Meat Safe.

An "ice mine" is reported from New York Gulch, Meagher County, Montana. In early days the gulch turned out \$2,000,000 worth of gold, but of late years it has been nearly deserted. Last summer, says the Northwest Magazine, two prospectors uncovered the mouth of an old shaft and glanced curiously down it. They saw the ice, which reached up to within four feet and eight inches of the surface. They considered it curious, and thought what a good place it would be to keep their meat, butter and other food from spoiling while they were working in the neighborhood. They lowered their provender into the ice mine with the best results. Naturally they told of their find to other miners, with the result that for a radius of three or four miles around the mine, putting their tag on it, and hoisting the rope from time to time as provisions were needed. It is a godsend to the miners, as it enables them to keep meat fresh in the very hottest weather. The miners are unable to give any solution of this strange phenomenon. The formation of the gulch is shale, reddish in color and full of fissures. It is supposed that gusts of air from a cold cave may have underground connections near the top, may explain the continued formation of ice there as it is cut away.

## A TOMBSTONE EULOGY.

A Pious Pennsylvania Man and the Father of an Numerous Family.

In the old Pine Creek graveyard at Jersey Shore is a grave marked by a time-stained slab bearing the following unique inscription, says a Roulette (Pa.) correspondent of the New York Sun:

JAMES McMURRAY.  
Born in Ireland, June 1st, 1784. Emigrated to America in 1800. Was converted to God in 1812 and united with the Presbyterian Church. He was the father of 21 children (12 living), the grandfather of 100, and the great-grandfather of 1,000. He died in Jersey Shore, April 11, 1880, in great peace and triumph, having lived 96 years, 10 months, and 10 days, and having exchanged earth for heaven.

One of the twenty-two children of James McMurray was the late Rev. Jacob McMurray, who at eight years of age astounded the people of his locality by his precocious power in discussing religious subjects and questions involving nice theological points, and of whom his mother prophesied: "He will become a great preacher and die in the Lord's harvest." He did become a distinguished and powerful preacher, and in 1885 fulfilled his mother's prophecy by dying while officiating at communion service in the church. He was the author of the famous local option act, which passed the legislature and disturbed Pennsylvania politics so greatly some years ago.

Do Flying Fish Fly?  
A very common error made in natural histories where this fish is mentioned is that it does not fly. "Its supposed flight is nothing more than a prolonged leap; it cannot deviate from a straight line, and cannot rise a second time without entering the water." This, briefly, is the sort of thing one meets with in textbooks where reference is made to this fish. The simplest way of dealing with it is the professor's method of answering the query of the French Academy whether their definition of a crab was correct. The story is so well known that it does not need repetition. As the result of personal observation extending over a good many years, I assert that the exocoetus does fly.

I have often seen a flying fish rise 200 yards off, describe a semi-circle, and meeting the ship, rise twenty feet in the air perpendicularly, at the same time darting off at right angles to its previous course. Then, after another long flight, when just about to enter the water, the gaping jaws of a dolphin emerging from the sea gave it pause and it rose again, returning almost directly upon its former course. This procedure is so common that it is a marvel it is not more widely known.

How He Got In.  
In 1777, while Harrodsburg, Ky., was beset with Indians, that the inhabitants were in straits for daily bread, a young man only 16 years old made himself extremely useful by venturing out of the fort before daybreak, and returning with a load of game after nightfall. This intrepid youth was James Ray, afterward Gen. Ray.

One day in the year just mentioned Ray and another young man were shooting at a mark near the fort when the second man was suddenly shot down by the Indians. Ray looked in the direction whence the shot had come, and seeing the enemy, was on the point of raising his rifle, when he was set upon by another gang who had crept near him unseen. He took to his heels, and being a quick runner, reached the fort amid a shower of bullets. But the gates were shut, and the men inside were so frightened that they dared not open them. Finding himself shut out, Ray threw himself flat on the ground in the rear of a stump, and here, perhaps seven steps from the fort and within sight of his mother, he lay for four hours, while the bullets of the Indians tore up the ground on either side of him.

At last he grew impatient and called out to the garrison: "Give me the cabin wall, and take me in." The men inside set to work immediately, and the brave young hunter was speedily safe inside the fort.

"Why is it the English stand for office instead of running for it?" "England is a very small country. I suppose there is standing-room only."—Harper's Bazar.

Most men look out for number one; most women claim to look out for number two—at the shoe store.—Texas Siftings.

## NEW SPRING COATS.

GENTLEMANLY STYLES SEEM TO PREVAIL.

Many Fashionable Models Are to Be Seen—Some Elaborate Dresses for Home Wear—Much Attention Is Being Given to Outdoor Attire.

Fashion's Follies.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.  
GENTLEMANLY styles prevail in spring coats, and one of these, which is especially a dressy, is a little covert coat affair made with loose straight front, double breasted or not, and a back neither bagging nor cut to the figure. These jackets are made of smooth mixed cloth, the favorite shade being a slightly grayish brown. The skirt is a yellowish-brown, has a facing of brown velvet and the sleeves are only full enough at the shoulders not to look queer. The little garment is in all ways well set up, severe and suited to street use. Many fashionable models are not so severe as the one just described, and two of the more feminine sorts are to be seen in the first two pictures. That of the initial is of green cloth trimmed with wide watered silk revers and has a fitted vest and basque insertion of cloth embroidered with darker green silk cord. The skirt is made of changeable velvet, handsomely garnished around the bottom with heavy cord ornamentation. The other is in a still more fashionable color, vandyke brown, and its material is cloth lined with silk in the same shade. It fastens with three large buttons and has bell basques attached at the waist. The revers are machine stitched and are finished from the turned-back fronts. The turned-down collar is simply stitched at the edge. The circular basque is also ornamented with machine stitching, and the lower part of the sleeves are entirely covered with it.

Sleeveless jackets fastening along the shoulder seam, as we have down the front, are much in vogue for use over big sleeves, that will not go into even the big sleeve of a coat and make fast. They are made of a material like the little jackets are made very trim.



ALMOST MASCULINE SEVERITY.

They fit the figure with military exactness, are cut short at the hips and have several man-like revers at the turn-over of the collar. Some are made double-breasted, with the buttons set wide apart at the edge of the jacket. A stylish modification of this same pattern has but one row of buttons, the garment crossing double on the breast, fastening along the right shoulder seam to the armhole and crosswise over the bust to the opposite hip. This is very military-looking. The fastening on the other shoulder seam is invisible. The idea of this shoulder fastening is that the armhole may be opened and the necessity of pushing the dress sleeve through be thus avoided. These little coats are made in rough dark cloths of natural shades calculated to go with any shade of sleeve the gown may have.

The frock coat is too established a favorite to be omitted from a program of the season's coats. A late device is the cutting of the edge in scallops to emphasize the effect of its fullness. The frock coat of the present season is made by the dressmaker and matches the gown and as it is like enough not to match any other gown, it is an extravagance. There is a fancy for the employment of strong colors in such garments, and black moire silk is much used. A very swell frock coat made to go with a gown of the same material is carried out in immense broadcloth. The skirt is flaring and lined with black moire, the sleeves are of moire and the lapels are faced with the same. The corners of the skirts are turned back to show the lining, in Continental fashion. This is some-



OF DISTINCTLY FEMININE FINISH.

thing of an anachronism, but that is the way with dressmaking. Green, almost an emerald shade, is used for this style of garment, and the new mixed goods having a general silky gray effect and a marvelous detail of all colors.

In the third picture there is shown a promenade suit of thin brown cloth having a plain skirt and a jacket-like bodice. The latter is finished with a long basque whose corners are turned back in front and faced with a light shade of silk. The bodice hooks in front beneath a full silk plastron, and is trimmed with large draped revers and turned down collar, ornamented

## AT VICTORIA'S COURT.

A Long Ladder Down from Her Majesty to the Plain Citizen.

"A table of precedence at the English court is given by the Globe-Democrat as follows: The sovereign, Prince of Wales, queen's younger sons, grandsons of the sovereign, Archbishop of Canterbury, lord high chancellor, Archbishop of York, Archbishop of Armagh, Archbishop of Dublin (these two during the lives of the present bishops only); lord president of the privy council, lord privy seal, lord great chamberlain, earl marshal, lord steward of her majesty's household, lord chamberlain, dukes of England, Scotland, Great Britain, Ireland, marquises, earls, marquises' elder sons, dukes' younger sons, viscounts, earls' elder sons, marquises' younger sons, bishops of London, Durham and Winchester, all other English bishops, according to seniority of creation, Bishops of the Irish church before 1890, secretaries of state if barons, speaker of the house of commons, treasurer of her majesty's household, controller of her majesty's household, master of the horse, vice chamberlain of the household, secretaries of state not barons, viscounts' eldest sons, earls' younger sons, barons' eldest sons, knights of garter, privy councillors, chancellor of the exchequer, chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster, lord chief justice of the queen's bench, master of the rolls, lord justices of appeal, lords of appeal, judges, viscounts' younger sons, barons' younger sons, baronets, knights of Thistle, knights of St. Patrick, knights Grand Cross of the Bath, knights grand commanders of the Star of India, knights Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, knight commanders of the Bath, knights commanders of the Star of India, knights commanders of St. Michael and St. George, knights bachelors, judges of county courts, companions of the Bath of St. Michael and St. George, eldest sons of knights, younger sons of the younger sons of peers, baronets' eldest sons, eldest sons of knights, younger sons of the younger sons of peers, baronets' younger sons, younger sons of knights, gentlemen entitled to bear arms, citizens.

So much attention is given to outdoor attire in April that house dresses remain at a standstill and few are the novelties offered for wear indoors. One of the prettiest new designs is shown in the next illustration, and would have been called a tea gown two years ago, but now the rose must bear another name, so it is simply a house dress. Yellow ribbed silk is its material and its bolles has a fitted line-



AN ELABORATE HOUSE DRESS.

ing of white silk, to which the very white skirt is gathered. The bodice is finished with a white mousseline plastron and a tiny figure jacket that ends three inches above the waist and is caught in side and shoulder seams. Both lining and stuff hook in front. The sleeves have a wide over and bordered with an accordion-pleated chiffon ruffle. The skirt has a plain panel of white mousseline chiffon and its front breadth is trimmed with a ruffe similar to that on the bodice, but wider. The jacket is garnished with plain bands of point lace that form a point in back at the top and bottom. The skirt is gored, and may be lined with silk or satin, but if the material itself is very heavy, it needs no lining. Around the waist comes a belt of soft yellow satin liberty that ties at the side with the ends hanging down to the bottom. The sleeves are puffed at the elbow and may be made longer or shorter by means of an elastic in the seam. They are also trimmed with pleated ruffles.

Two other neat dresses for home wear, each of which shows ingenuity of design, are placed together in the last picture. At the left is a dress of cocoa brown suiting garnished with fancy chenille. The gored upper part of the skirt is finished with a deep accordion-pleated circular flounce, or, if desired, the skirt can be the requisite length and the pleated fluff put on only in the front breadth. The bodice hooks in front and is trimmed with two rows of fancy chenille braid down either side and the same appears on the epaulettes. The sleeves have fitted lining, large puffs and tight cuffs, and the epaulettes are draped as shown. Both sleeves and collar are ornamented with chenille braid. The yoke of the other dress is an oddity. It is in front



TWO NOVELTIES.

only, is made of white leather and the straps radiating from the neck are fastened with paste buckles at the yoke's edge. They also are leather. Similar straps and buckles are placed on the collar and belt. The corners of the sleeves are made of eutting, the cuffs of white leather. The outer edge of the skirt is trimmed with a pleated ruffe, either of silk or of the dress goods, which is partly covered by a second dress and fastened with a ruffe that is held in place by paste buckles. There is a fancy for handsewing on all light goods for summer wear. Dresses of muslin are to be all done by hand, and underwear is to be tolerated in no other way. Tucks and fashion ruffles will be the rule, with hemstitching for variety. Outfits, or say underfits, of body linen are made with the utmost simplicity of design—no lace, no ribbon, only exquisite handwork. What sets are made with hemstitching finish. An initial may be inconspicuously but very finely embroidered, or the initial dower may be done in natural colors, and is the only bit of color allowed. Perhaps you do not know what this dower is? Choose a flower whose name begins with the initial letter of your own first name. Pauline will take the pansy, Carrie will take carnation, and so on, and the girl who is Rose, Lillie, or Violet, can, of course, make her selection with double care. This flower is embroidered very small on all linen, it appears on your note-paper, and is even strewn on your dress in cups and saucers.

Copyright, 1894.

BLAZER suits are made of woads and serges of different widths and degrees of roughness, and blazer is the most fashionable color. Blazer coats are short and have a broad turnover collar and wide lapels, which may be faced with moire to make them more dressy.

THERE are rumors from reliable sources that sleeves are to be elaborate, but the importing houses show none but the most extreme shapes. Drooping downward, however, they appear much less aggressive than heretofore.

## THE BENEDICT ARNOLD HOUSE.

An Old Historic Landmark in New Haven, Conn.

Probably one of the most historic landmarks in the grand old university town of New Haven, Conn., is at 155 Water street, a house which was for many years the home of Benedict Arnold, the famous traitor. It is a frame structure, two stories and a half high, and in the palmy days of its owner is said to have been one of the handsomest residences in the city. But to-day it has a dilapidated appearance and shows plainly the want of care. It is now used as a boarding house and on the left side

## THE BENEDICT ARNOLD HOUSE.

An Old Historic Landmark in New Haven, Conn.



THE BENEDICT ARNOLD HOUSE.

of the main entrance a sign is hung which reads as follows: "Rooms to Rent. Board by the Day or Week." There is probably not a day passes but the old home of Benedict Arnold is pointed out to visitors as one of the principal points of interest in that city. The house was once the scene of a great wedding feast, when Mr. Arnold married his first wife, Miss Margaret Mansfield. She died June 21, 1775, and her tombstone is in the basement of Center Church on the green. The Benedict Arnold house was built in 1772, and occupied by the traitor until a short time before the battle of Bunker Hill. In 1812 it was sold to Capt. Frederick Hunt, one of the most prominent shipping merchants of his day. He afterwards sold it to his son, James Hunt, and the property still remains in the family of the same name. Noah Webster, the great lexicographer, resided at one time in the Arnold house.

## MOST IMPORTANT TO MAN.

The Use of Wheat and Its Preservation Among the Egyptians.

Of all the plants cultivated wheat is the most important to the welfare of man. Its use dates to the most ancient times. The agricultural wealth of the most ancient of countries, Egypt, consisted in its wheat. Not only was her dense population supplied with a profusion of the necessities of life, but Egypt was a granary where from the earliest times all people felt sure of finding an abundant store of corn. Seven years of plenty afforded, from the superabundance of the crops, a sufficient quantity of food to supply the whole population during eleven years of dearth, as well as "all countries" which sent to Egypt "to buy," when Pharaoh, by the advice of Joseph, laid up the annual surplus for that purpose.

## IN THE PRESERVATION OF WHEAT THE



AN EGYPTIAN GRANARY.

Egyptians excelled all other people, their granaries being perfect. They consisted of stone repositories under cover, hermetically sealed, and in them wheat would last perfectly sound for untold years.

Silk from Wild Silkworms.  
An English firm is using the silk of the wild silkworm, from which is woven a soft, substantial fabric of light tussan or pongee shade.



# The Avalanche.

O. PALMER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1894.

Entered at the Post Office at Grayling, Mich., as second-class matter.

## POLITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

The city of Albany, N. Y., cleaned house in dead earnest, and it was done with a republican broom.

The recent election returns provide Cleveland with an excellent excuse for another trip to the dismal swamp.

The Wilson bill is making republican votes faster than has ever before been known in the case of any scheme of legislation.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Men and brethren of the democratic party, let us at least be thankful that Rhode Island is no bigger.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

In the recent elections in Van Buren county, but one democrat, a township clerk, was elected. Why did they not make it unanimous?

The most significant thing about Governor McKinley's tariff speeches is the fact that no democrat ever attempted to answer one of them.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Mr. F. Marion Crawford is the author of an illustrated paper in the April Century on "The Gods of India," for which the recently revived interest in the Oriental religions will furnish a special audience.

The democrats claim to be in favor of a tariff for revenue only, and yet the Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee says that the Wilson bill will produce a surplus of \$30,000,000.

The New York Sun remarks: "The most absurd of all follies now raging is the notion that the passage of the pending tariff measure will bring rest to the country's business and restore prosperity."

Hill and Cleveland are good republicans on the finance question, and Hill is a first rate republican on the tariff. The poor old democracy is losing all its best men.—*Globe-Democrat.*

Monkeying with the tariff is pretty hard work. It laid Mills up for repairs and hauled out Wilson on the dry dock for months, and will retire the Democratic party for years of rest.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

There has been a slight falling off of the perch catch in the slip near the street car power house, of late. A certain republican has designated this slip as one of Cleveland's pork barrels.—*Bay City Tribune.*

The democratic deficit for March was about \$6,000,000, or half a million more than that for February, which is hardly consistent, to say the least, with Cleveland's recent observations about returning prosperity.

The democratic papers, in some places, are complaining about the great number of absentees among the democratic members of Congress. The democratic absenteeism of the present Congress is nothing to what it will be in the next.

The average democrat will not find a word about an income tax in the Chicago platform, and the individuals who incorporated it in the Wilson bill will never tell him that they borrowed it from the platform on which Gen. Weaver last ran for President.

It is worth making a note of that the very day after David Bennett Hill passed sentence of death upon the Wilson bill in the United States Senate, the voters of New Jersey did the same thing for the Wilson bill party.—*N. Y. Press.*

Not having had an offer for those democratic roosters we offered for sale a few weeks ago, we have about concluded to give them away. They will be found nice quiet birds to have about, as the "crow" has been completely taken out of them.—*West Branch Democrat.*

How does it come that 14 days' service in the war of 1812, or 60 days in the Mexican war, entitles a man to a pension of \$8 a month, whether disabled or not, and whether so poor as to be in need of it or not, while there is violent kicking against allowing even \$6 a month to Union veterans who served from three months to four years?—*National Tribune.*

The April CENTURY is strong in papers of adventure, including under the title of "Driven out of Tibet," Mr. W. Woodville Rockhill's account of his attempt to pass from China through Tibet into India, a narrative very fully illustrated. There is also in the Artist's Adventure Series an account of a balloon ascension by Robert V. Sewell, the American painter.

The 80 per cent duty on peanuts is on a Southern product of that name. The peanut element in the party controlling Congress needs no protection.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

It is gratifying to note the fraternal spirit that prevailed among the old soldiers North and South, who took part in the reunion at Pittsburg Landing, during the past week. If such gatherings serve to wipe out sectional prejudices, and to awaken a feeling of mutual interest and respect between the North and South—a feeling now absent in the dominant element at Washington—they will accomplish a patriotic work.—*N. Y. Press.*

The New York World tells the truth with amazing frankness when it says: "It is useless to deny that there is deep popular dissatisfaction, not to say disgust, with many of the democratic proceedings at Washington. The demoralization and absenteeism in the House and the dilly-dallying of the Senate, together with some flagrant faults in administration are not conducive to democratic victories."

Last week, the Pension Bureau allowed 1,968 claims, of which 1,182 were original, and but 252 arising under the general laws. At this rate, it would take 800 weeks, or about 15½ years, to dispose of the 200,000 cases under the old laws, which Commissioner Lochren said he found completed and ready for adjudication, but "side-tracked" by General Baum.—*National Tribune.*

The man who isn't in love with his town is destitute of that public spirit which is a characteristic of every genuine American. He lives without enjoying life and after his final journey to the cemetery has been made, his memory is not long cherished save by a few faithful souls whose love blinded them to his selfishness. One should always reserve a considerable place in his affections for the town of which he is a resident. He should be interested in its progress, fertile in expedients to benefit it, and thoroughly convinced that it is the best town in the whole world. That is the reason so many of our western towns have had such an astonishing growth. The people want to win material success, but they are vain enough to know that the town must make its own way if they are to succeed. There is room in Grayling for a little more of that pushing spirit of local patriotism.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder  
World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

Gov. Stone is perfectly safe in denying that hell is full of democrats. He knows that no republicans go there, so that a count is impossible except by democrats who are interested in making returns favorable to their party. But he is not so safe in denying that the Penitentiary is peopled very largely by democrats. A record of the political antecedents of the different State Prisons would show at least 80 per cent of democracy. The rest are mostly Mugwumps—republicans who undertook to rise above party and only succeeded in falling below honesty.—*Globe-Democrat.*

Governor Rich issued the following proclamation, last Wednesday: "In compliance with an honored custom and with public sentiment, I hereby designate Friday, April 27, 1894, as Arbor Day. The proper observance of this day in the planting of trees, shrubs and flowers will result in beautifying and adorning our homes and highways and is most earnestly recommended. To inculcate a love of the beautiful in nature, should be a pleasant duty for the teachers in our public schools, and it is further recommended that the exercises in our schools upon that day be of such a character as will impress its beneficial object upon the minds of the pupils."

The disgraceful condition of things in South Carolina is another illustration of the logical effect of Populism. In every State where that form of political lunacy has obtained controlling power, there has been an experience of disorder, of violence, of threatened anarchy. It was so in Kansas, and later in Colorado, and now we have another striking example in another section of the country, thus showing that the cause of such outbreaks is not local or accidental, but peculiar to the doctrines and methods of the Populists wherever they are rigidly applied. The simple fact is that Populism represents a drift of thought and feeling that is antagonistic to existing institutions. It results in violence because it is inconsistent with accepted ideas of public safety and prudence and with established agencies for the conservation and promotion of the peace and welfare of society. The men whom it has developed as leaders are eccentric, reckless and irresponsible. They seem to think that it is their mission to create as much confusion and excitement as possible, and to use official authority in the most arbitrary and astonishing manner. If one of them has ever in any contingency manifested an ordinary degree of good sense, the country has certainly not heard of it, nor is there any reason to believe that they are capable of such service.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

The Chief Justice of New Jersey, Judge Beasley, is a democrat. Hence he can not be accused of partisanship in his decision that the republican Senate at Trenton is the legal body, and the democratic organization illegal.—*Blade.*

The Jackson Patriot is loudly calling on the people of Michigan to rescue the State from the republican party, and other papers of the same description are quoting its rallying cry very liberally. Its address reminds us greatly of those made by Confederate generals when they raided some loyal State during the war, when calling on the people to rally to their standards. It will have about the same effect. The republican majorities this Fall will be larger than ever, if the late elections are any criterion.

## People Who Make History.

The people who make history, who achieve success or make their mark in any line, are the people in whom everyone is interested; and when we are interested in people, it is an immense satisfaction if we can know just how they look. The unique feature recently introduced in Demorest's Family Magazine is in touch with this universal desire; every month two pages are devoted to superb half-tone portraits, quite equal to photos, and about cabinet size, of celebrities of every class and all eras, which are printed so they may be removed from the magazine without mutilating it, and arranged in an album especially designed to accommodate them.

But there are many equally attractive features in the May number of this always attractive magazine. Gen. Lew Wallace, Gen. James Grant Wilson, George W. Cable, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Prof. H. H. Boyesen, and Gertrude Atherton give "Advice to Young Writers," every word of which, coming from such sources, is as valuable as gold, and the portrait of each is given with the advice. "The Transformation of the Ugly Club" is a unique article on modern facial surgery, and the illustrations make the most wonderful transformations still more vivid to the reader; all the stories are bright (every girl should read "Helen's Gift"); you can learn from the illustrations and instructions given in the Home Art Department how easy it is to "Venetian Hent Iron work"; the spring fashions are fully described in the Fashion department; and—but space will not permit an enumeration of the many good things in this number, which is a sample of what is given twelve times a year for \$2. Published by W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14 St., New York.

## Col. Ingersoll v. s. the Democrat Party.

Col. Robert Ingersoll may be unsound theologically, but his political expressions are worthy of careful attention. On one occasion, while making a speech, a man in the crowd yelled out: "What is the matter with the democratic party?" Ingersoll dropped his line of argument, turned towards his interrogator, and replied as follows:

"What is the matter with the democratic party? I will tell you, my friend. The democratic party was born under the planets that were in opposition. It lives in the objective case. Like a mule, 'it has no pride of ancestry; no hope of posterity.' It never originates anything. It shines by borrowed light. It has never been united in honest wedlock, but lived for years in open adultery with a harlot called slavery; lived with her until she died of corruption, and was buried amid the sobs and groans of her paramour."

"The atmosphere that surrounds democracy is full of obnoxious vapors that breed moral pestilence and death. The sun never shines through it; vice seeks its shadow, and corruption grows lusty under its influence. Springs of purity are never found in democracy. Its waters are torpid, lifeless—covered with scum with which stagnant pools and moveless waters always offend the eye of man. The soil that democracy has cultivated has failed to yield harvests of value to the nation, but has given crops of worthless weeds and briars."

"Democracy has no love of country; believes in states instead of a nation; drives loyalty from its door and welcomes treason to its habitation; holds the deeds of our soldiers and sailors at naught; strives to blacken the names of our heroes; weeps over the lost cause; hates the blue and loves the gray; stabs loyalty in the back; binds up the wounds of treason, and speaks words of hope and comfort to its devotees; applauds when helpless blacks are stricken down in the South, and caresses the hands red with innocent blood; denies the rights of American citizens to make homes for themselves in the South; justifies the man who shoots them down or drives them out."

"Democracy is a curse to the land, the source of our bitterest woes; the haven where vice finds friends and crime its apologists and defenders. Democracy is original sin let loose to rend and destroy; is the spirit of evil filling the swine of the land; the incarnation of unholliness; the child of the devil; its home should be in that outer darkness where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Such, faintly pictured, my friend, is what is the matter with the democratic party."



# The Evening News,

"The Great Daily of Michigan."

\$50,000,000.00 at least is spent for living expenses every year by subscribers of The Detroit Evening News. The shrewd advertiser knows this, and by using the advertising columns of The News secures his share of this enormous sum. 60,000 subscribers probably means 200,000 readers, and instead of the sum above, we should have said \$200,000,000.00.

Advertise in The Evening News if you want Results. Read The Evening News if you want News.

2 CENTS PER COPY. 10 CENTS A WEEK. \$1.25 FOR 3 MONTHS BY MAIL.

Agencies in every village, town and city in the State of Michigan.

## BURNT OUT, BUT STILL IN THE RING!!

GENTS, now is your time to GET YOUR SPRING & SUMMER SUITINGS!

I have a full line of FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC WOOLENS

Which I am making up in the best style, I employ First Class hands, and therefore do first-class work. I do not rush my work, but take time to do it, so as to satisfy my customers.

The citizens of Grayling and vicinity, are requested to call at my rooms in the rear of the EXCHANGE BANK, and examine my Stock.

Grayling, Mich. JULIUS KRAMER.

Congressman Holman sees the handwriting on the wall. He says: "If Congress is in session as late as June 15th, it will be fatal to Democratic prospects next fall." Holman is right.

The national debt statement for March shows an increase of nearly \$14,000,000. This is about half of the imaginary surplus which Senator Voorhees declares the Wilson bill would yield in a whole year, the spy tax included.—*N. Y. Press.*

The DELINEATOR for May is called the College Commencement Number, and contains three articles especially interesting to students. A Girl's Life and Work at Vassar is the title of the first of a series on the Women's Colleges of the United States. A College Commencement is most attractively described by a graduate of Smith, and there is a fully illustrated paper on Commencement and Graduation Gowns. A further installment of Some Uses of Crepe and Tissue Papers introduces some pretty articles for decorating a Spring Lunch Table, the third paper on Wise Living gives some good advice about Eating, and the many ways in which daughters can help their mothers. A Leather Wedding and a Logomachy Party are entertainingly described. The Culture of Fuchsias is the subject of the Floral article, and there are many new designs in Knitting, Crocheting, Netting and Tatting. The subscription price of the DELINEATOR is one dollar a year. Published by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO., New York.

## Buckwheat as a Fertilizer.

An excellent fertilizer is buckwheat. Of it, D. Moffat, an Indiana farmer, recently wrote: "I don't think that there are any other species of plants that are as strong in the element of fertilization as the polygonian family. Wherever the knotweed or smartweed grows, it is a sure indication of the fertility of the soil; and a crop of buckwheat, as one member of the family is called, plowed under will insure a good crop of corn. It is a very troublesome weed among the corn, especially in wet weather; so exuberant is its growth at such a time, it would take a crop of corn in short time if not kept down. Buckwheat belongs to the same family, but is not a native here, but its luxuriant growth adapts it well as a fertilizer when plowed under in its green state, and on old, impoverished soil there is no other plant that will so soon reconstitute as a good aftermath of buckwheat plowed under. It is better for a wheat crop than clover, as the buckwheat stems are hollow and more succulent and sooner decay than clover, whose stems are woody and of slow decay. My method is, plow the ground intended for wheat in the winter, so it will not interfere with spring work. Then, as soon as danger of frost is past, I sow my buckwheat at the rate of one bushel per acre. I let it grow until the middle of August, when I hallow it under and roll the ground thoroughly and leave it so until I want to drill my wheat. Then I pass a harrow over the ground and drill. I have noticed that there is not an insect to be seen, and this method insures against insect depredations. The fly never injures wheat sown after buckwheat. There are no other fertilizers that can be applied so cheap as buckwheat. The seed can usually be procured at \$5 a bushel, which will sow an acre, and the fertilizing elements will be equally distributed over the whole area, which can not be done with commercial fertilizers, compost or pondmud. Farmers, try buckwheat on your worn-out soil, and report results."—*Agriculturist.*

Bucklin's Arnica Salve. THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by L. FOURNIER, Druggist.

Even Secretary Carlisle has to admit that the production of tin-plate is steadily increasing, in spite of hard times, which causes a decrease in almost every other production. Where be those voluble liars who were proclaiming from every stump that we could never make our own tin-plate?—*National Tribune.*

## A Million Friends.

A friend in need is a friend indeed, and not less than one million people have found just such a friend in Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds.—If you have never used this Great Cough Medicine, one trial will convince you that it has wonderful curative powers in all diseases of Throat, Chest and Lungs. Each bottle is guaranteed to do all that is claimed or money will be refunded. Trial bottles free at L. Fournier's Drug Store. Large bottles 50c. and \$1.00.

While local elections cut a larger or smaller figure in the municipal elections held this Spring, the strong tendency of voters to join the republican ranks was apparent to every one. Republican cities and towns gave increased majorities and democratic majorities either disappeared or were largely reduced.

## Four Big Successes.

Having the needed merit to more than make good all the advertising claimed for them, the following four remedies have reached a phenomenal sale. Dr. King's New Discovery, for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, each bottle guaranteed—Electric Bitters, the great remedy for Liver, Stomach and Kidney. Bucklin's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, and Dr. King's New Life Pills, which are a perfect pill. All these remedies are guaranteed to do just what is claimed for them and the dealer whose name is attached will be glad to tell you more of them. Sold at L. FOURNIER'S Drug Store. Large size 50c. and \$1.00.

## \$5,000 REWARD!

THE SHERIFF will please arrest every person suffering with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Salt Rheum and all Blood and Kidney and Liver diseases and take them to the drug store of either Harry Evans or Loranget & Fournier and compel them to buy a bottle of Australian Blood Purifier. It is the latest and greatest known Blood Purifier. It never fails to restore your health when used according to directions. If you are troubled with Catarrh, try Lovanda's Australian Catarrh Cure. Physically and mentally invigorating, above remedies, as they are 50 years ahead of all others. We guarantee a cure or money refunded.

GREAT AUSTRALIAN MEDICINE CO., Feb. 1, y. 1. NORTH BRANCH, Mich.

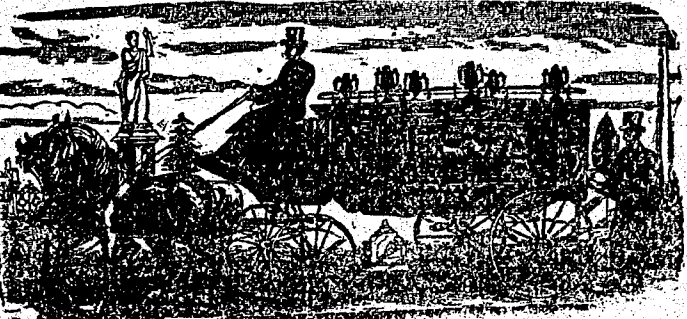
ADIRONDA TRADE MARK  
Wheeler's Heart Cure  
AND Nerve  
—Positively Cures—  
HEART DISEASE, NERVOUS PROSTRATION,  
Sleeplessness and all derangements of the Nervous System.  
UNEXCELLED FOR INFANTS!  
A Blessed Broom  
For Third Mothers and Restless Babies.  
Purely Vegetable. Guaranteed free from  
100 Full Size Boxes, 50 Cts.  
Rev. R. Middleton, Pastor M. E. Church, Cedar Springs, Mich., says: Sleep and rest were brought to me after preaching till I used "Adironda." Now I sleep soundly and awake refreshed, and I can heartily recommend it.  
Prepared by WHEELER & FULLER MEDICINE CO., Cedar Springs, Mich.  
SOLD BY L. FOURNIER, Druggist, Grayling, Mich.  
May 25th

\$65.

\$65.

SIXTY FIVE DOLLARS  
and Fifty-Nine Cents is  
what it will cost you to  
PAINT  
a House whose external surface  
measures Twenty-five Hundred  
Square Feet. Of course, a larger  
HOUSE  
will take more paint and a smaller  
one less, but the price ranges accordingly.  
In order to obtain this remarkable result, you will have to  
buy your paint at  
FOURNIER'S DRUG STORE.

## UNDERTAKING! UNDERTAKING!



AT BRADEN & FORBE'S FURNITURE ROOMS!  
WILL be found at all times a full line of CLOTH and WOOD CASKETS and BURIAL CASES, Ladies', Gents' and Childrens' ROBES. A good HEARSE will be sent to any part of the country FREE. Especial attention given to embalming or preserving corpses.

## HARRY W. EVANS,

[Successor to LARABEE.]

—DEALER IN—

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals,  
Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Etc.

CONFECTIONERY; CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

Also a full line of Stationery, School Tablets, &c., &c.

LOOK, NOT MERELY CHEAP,  
BUT TREMENDOUS UNDER PRICE.

We are always the first to announce a cut in prices, and we always furnish exactly what we advertise.

Commencing Saturday, April 1st, 1894.  
100 pieces Windsor prints, satin finish, regular price 8c for 6 1-2.  
500 yards Imperial Challies, regular price 8c, for 5c.  
1000 yards Golden Fleece Dress Goods, regular price 15c, for 9 1-2.  
1000 yards Amoskeag Dress Gingham, regular price 10c, for 8 1-2.  
500 yards Hop Sacking Dress Goods, regular price 35c, for 28c.  
Ladies' Kid Gloves, regular price 125c, for 99c.  
Unbleached Cotton, do do 7c, for 5c.  
4-4 Bleached do do 9c, for 6 1-2.  
T. Oil Cloth, do do 25c, for 17 1-2.  
Ladies' Gauze Ribbed Jersey Vest, regular price 50c, for 29c.  
Ladies' Fine Egyptian Vest Embroidery, regular price 65c, for 39.  
3000 yards Am. Shirting, regular price 8c, for 4c.

## CLOTHING,

GENTS & LADIES' FURNISHING GOODS and  
BOOTS AND SHOES will be placed on this sale at  
half price. Now is the time to buy your  
Spring and Summer Goods, where you can save from  
25 to 40 cents on the dollar.

R. MEYER & CO.  
Conner Building, Grayling, Mich.

## AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

WAGONS, BUGGIES, &c.

Grayling, Michigan, April 18, '94.

I shall carry this year a larger stock of Wagons, Carriages, Plows, Harrows, Drills, Reapers, Mowers, Cultivators, Planters, &c., than was ever before shown in Northern Michigan, and can make prices to suit the times. I believe I know the needs of this section and am prepared to supply them. Call and examine the most improved implements on the market.

O. PALMER.







# The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.  
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN

## ROAD TO THE CLOUDS.

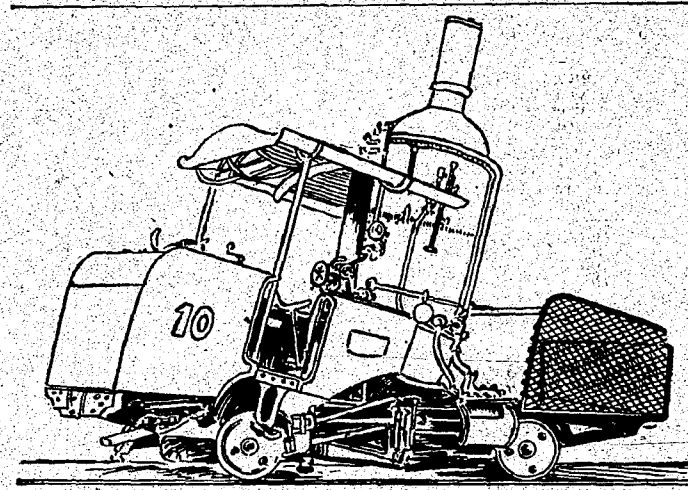
### PROJECTED ELECTRIC RAILWAY TO THE JUNGFRAU.

The magnificent peak of the Bernese Alps, 14,711 feet above the level of the sea, soon can be reached by the new electric railway.

#### Plan of Ascent.

The Jungfrau, the magnificent snow-covered peak of the Bernese Alps, is soon to be reached by rail. The European bourses are selling the stock of a projected Jungfrau railway, for which M. Guyer-Zeller, of Zurich, the principal owner of the great Northeast Railway, has just received a "concession" by the Swiss Federal Council.

The Jungfrau is situated on the boundary line of the Cantons of Bern and Valais. Its height is 13,711 feet, 200 feet less than that of Mont Blanc, the giant among the mountains of Europe. In 1890 a project to reach the summit by rail was launched, but the plans were not feasible. The present plan is to start the road on the Schiedel Mountain (Wengern Alp), some six thousand feet above the sea. The rack-system of railroad, which is employed by the Mont Cenis, Rigi and Zermatt Railways, most successfully, will be used in pulling up the cars to the Jungfrau, being re-enforced by electricity. The



LOCOMOTIVE FOR JUNGFRAU RAILWAY.

rack engine, as the illustration shows, has a boiler of the vertical order, and four cylinders, the outer pair of which are connected with wheels running on ordinary rails, while the inner pair operate a central-toothed wheel, running on a single-rack rail. The two sets of cylinders can be worked separately or together.

The route of the Jungfrau Railway will be as follows: From its starting point, the line ascends to the foot of the Eiger Glacier, which is to be tunneled, the trains entering on the east side and coming out on the south at Station Eiger, which is 9,500 feet above the level of the sea. The tunnel is to be open on the outer side. From Station Eiger the line moves, again by tunnel, in the direction of the "Mönch" Mountain, until it reaches the Jungfrau-Joch, and, leaving the tunnel, the railroad ascends to the so-called small plateau, winding itself around the mountain in spiral form like the thread on a screw. The small plateau is 12,500 feet above the level of the sea, and in midsummer clear of snow. There a gigantic elevator will be constructed, powerful enough to hoist fifty people



COGWHEEL TRUCK OF LOCOMOTIVE.

to the mountain summit on each trip. The railroad will be 50,000 feet long, and for power and lighting purposes electricity will be employed throughout. The falls of the Lueteschne River and the Truemel stream are to furnish the power for electrical engines.

Work will be started in the spring. The engineers hope to finish the railroad to Station Eiger within two years. In the summer of 1899 American tourists will be able to reach the summit of the Jungfrau, as M. Guyer-Zeller says in true United States fashion, by elevator. The cost of the undertaking is estimated at about \$2,000,000.

The first great mountain railroad constructed in the Alps was that to Mont Cenis, 6,775 feet above the sea, finished in 1865. Then followed the Rigi Culm Railroad, finished six years later, and finally the Zermatt railway, which was thrown open to travel in the summer of 1891. The latter is twenty-two miles in length. The locomotives on these railways, which are fed by coal, are of 105 horse-power, and travel at the rate of 16,000 feet per hour. These roads are also constructed on the rack system.

#### SALVINI AND BOOTH.

##### Extraordinary Receipts of Their Performances.

From California we returned to New York, where I had an offer to play for three weeks with the famous artist, Edwin Booth, to give three performances of "Othello" a week, with Booth as Iago and me as Othello. The cities selected were New York, Philadelphia and Boston, writes Salvini, in the Century. As the managers had to hire the theaters by the week, they proposed that we should give "Hamlet" as a fourth performance, with Booth as Hamlet and me as the Ghost.

I accepted with the greatest pleasure, flattered to be associated with so distinguished and sympathetic an artist. I cannot find epithets to characterize these twelve performances! The word "extraordinary" is not enough, nor is "splendid"; I will call them "unique," for I do not be-

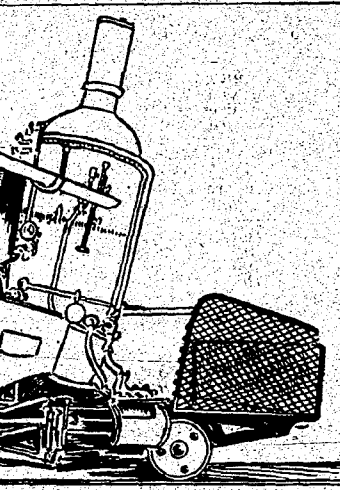
lieve that any similar combination has ever aroused such interest in North America.

To give some idea of it, I will say that the receipts for the twelve performances were \$43,500, an average of \$3,625 a night. In Italy such receipts would be something phenomenal; in America they were very satisfactory.

During this time I came to know Booth, and I found in him every quality that can characterize a gentleman. The affability and modesty of his manners rendered him justly loved and esteemed, not only by his countrymen, but by all who had the fortune to make his acquaintance.

#### Where Old English Survives.

A correspondent of the Boston Herald writes from the Hot Springs in the North Carolina Mountains: "This is the land of the 'poor whites,' who dwell in the windy cabins among the mountains, and seem to have nothing to live upon. A kindly, hardy race of mountaineers, they live usually to old age, in spite of what seems like great privation; and they retain in their usual forms of speech many of the old English words which were common in Shakespeare's time. They are apt to appeal to the rifle or shotgun in settlement of a feud, but convictions for murder are rare, although many cases come to trial. Recently in this vicinity one mountaineer was arraigned for fracturing a neighbor's skull; and a venerable woman from the mountains was called to the witness-stand. 'Did you ever hear Jim threaten to hurt Bill?' asked the lawyer. 'I reckon I did,' answered the witness. 'I heard him say bust his maw one day when he was right smart ambitious.' 'Here is the survival of an ancient



LOCOMOTIVE FOR JUNGFRAU RAILWAY.

word among the mountains of North Carolina. Hamlet says in the gravedigger's scene:

"Why, 'er son; and now my Lady Worm's chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade; here's fine resolution; and we had the trick to see."

"Ambitious" mean 'ugly' in the vernacular of a mountaineer, and it is more than probable that some remote ancestor of the venerable witness was transported to this part of the world for 'busting the mazzard' of some fellow Briton.

"The people of the lowlands coming into constant contact with those whom the Shakers call 'world's people,' have lost the language which their progenitors brought with them from England when they landed and forced the convict settlers back into the mountains. But the mountaineers, feeling few strangers in their rocky homes, have retained much of the original speech which they inherited from the exiles of Elizabeth's reign."

#### Deceased Ancestors in China.

The Chinese dislike to Western innovations which are now threatening the peace of that country, especially in the province of Human, is curiously illustrated by a correspondent who is employed in the service of the telegraph company which built the first telegraph line in China. It is well known that the Chinese used to pull down the lines at night, and that it became necessary to lay the wires underground; otherwise, there would be no telegraphs in the country to-day. The reason given is that the Chinese venerate their deceased ancestors so profoundly that they will not allow even a shadow to fall upon their graves. As a rule, these are not cemeteries in China, the dead being buried near the dwellings of the living, and hence there is hardly a field or garden which has not its sacred place. Since China is so thickly populated, the telegraph men found themselves embarrassed by graves on every hand, and the people flung down the posts and menaced the workmen's lives. On applying to the authorities for the reason of this hostility, the engineers were told that at certain hours of the day the poles cast shadows over the tombs of the dead, and, as neither money nor persuasion would overcome the sentiments of the people, all the lines in China have been laid underground.

#### Sugar at Retail.

Grocers everywhere assert that there is little or no profit in retailing sugars, and housekeepers confirm this by saying that there is small economy in buying sugar by the keg. The tradition touching the small profit in handling sugar at retail is certainly more than 100 years old, for a writer in the middle of last century affirmed that London grocers of that day were often out \$60 to \$70 a year for paper and packthread used in wrapping up sugar, and some grocers would not sell sugar to a customer who did not at the same time purchase some other article.—Chicago Herald.

#### Wooden Swearing.

There is a kind of swearing, which many people are given to, when they are angry. Instead of giving vent to their feelings in oaths, they slam the doors, kick the chairs, stamp on the floor, throw the furniture about and make all the noise they possibly can. It is practically the same thing as swearing—springs from the same kind of feelings exactly, but avoids saying those awful words. They force the furniture to make the noise, and so-called it wooden swearing.—Texas Siftings.

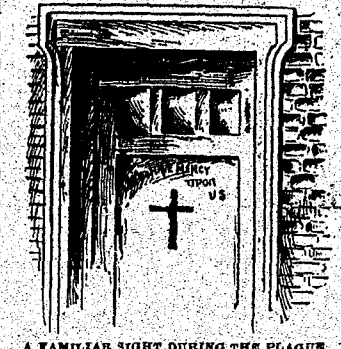
## DIED BY THOUSANDS.

### AWFUL RAVAGES OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON IN 1665.

Men Fell Like Autumn Leaves and Were Thrown Into Nameless Graves Without Burial Rites—Murdering the Living, Robbing the Dead.

#### A Tale of Horror.

The great epidemic that visited London in 1665, wiping out nearly 100,000 lives, must be reckoned one of the most disastrous visitations in history. London at that time was



A FAMILIAR SCENE DURING THE PLAGUE.

ripe for an epidemic. It had a population of nearly 500,000, and the majority of the people were badly housed. The city was built mainly of wood and plaster. The streets were narrow, badly paved, worse drained, and never cleaned. Under the very windows of the palaces the streets reeked with unspeakable abomination. In December, 1664, the first case of the epidemic occurred, but it was not until the following June that the people realized their perilous position and the horrible nature of the disease. In the second week of June 120 deaths occurred. A sudden panic swept over the city. The royal court fled to Oxford and thousands left the city as if fleeing from a charnal house.

By August the city was at the mercy of the plague. Business was at a standstill. Streets once thronged with people were now deserted as the grave, and whole rows of houses were shut up, their occupants having fled. As soon as the disease was known to be present in any dwelling the house was shut up and marked in the middle of the door with a red cross a foot long, and above it the printed words, "Lord have mercy upon us." No one was suffered to leave the smitten house unless it was to go to the pest house. The authorities endeavored in every manner to isolate the infected, and those who in any way had contact with the infected were required to carry a red wand before them while traveling the streets. The dealers in the necessities of life—all other traffic was suspended—received the money from their customers in disinfectants. People were afraid to speak to their best friends, and walked in the middle of the streets lest they should come in contact with others leaving their homes. All domestic animals were banished from the city, beggars were not allowed to frequent the streets, and all games that might draw a crowd were forbidden.

#### Burying the Dead.

As the plague progressed burials ceased to be performed with any religious ceremonies. The dead became so numerous that it was impossible any longer to preserve the individuality of a corpse. Pits were



GATHERING UP THE DEAD DURING THE PLAGUE.

dug, at first so small as to contain only 50 or 60 bodies each, but afterward they reached proportions sufficient to accommodate over 1,000 corpses each. The pits were generally dug down to the water and into these the rich and poor, the innocent child and the hoary reprobate were flung. There were no prayers, no friends to weep a last farewell; only hired bearers attended each commitment to earth. The dead carts went their dreary rounds by night, accompanied by a man ringing a bell, who called out as he passed the infected houses, "Bring out your dead." Then the bodies were piled on the carts and were taken to a common burial ground.

And yet amid all this the depravity of human nature blossomed. The living were robbed by hiring nurses; the dead were stripped of the linen enshrouding their bodies; nay, what is more horrible by far, nurses after robbing killed the unhappy creatures committed to their care, that they might hasten elsewhere to pillage and to murder. From the middle of August to the middle of October the plague was at its height. In these two months there perished of the plague 49,705. The most fatal week was that between the 12th and 19th of September, when there died of all diseases 8,297, of whom 7,165 were killed by the plague. The entire mortality during the prevalence of the epidemic, which did not entirely die out until winter, was nearly 100,000.

A violent fever, ending either in death or in an eruption of inflammatory tumors, generally marked each case of the plague. If the tumors broke the patient was considered no longer dangerous. In other cases the invasion of the disease was sudden, and many thus attacked fell down and died in the streets, in the market houses and in their homes.

#### Adopted Names.

Authors are apt to become very fanciful about their names, as soon as the latter have received public approbation. J. B. Jefferson was the friend, William Stead was an easy about his surname until he had changed the spelling of it, so that it stands thus on the title-page of one book and "Stigant" on another. William Hepworth Dixon did not receive his middle name from his parents, but assumed it as his own deliberately. Charles Stille, D.D., formerly editor of Punch, had no right, except that of adoption, to his middle name; and perhaps, had he foreseen that the satirical humor of the day would convert it into "Shallow," would have been willing to remain plain "Charles Brooks."

Abraham Hayward a literary veteran, detested his own Christian name, but as essayist who was ignorant of the fact insisted on addressing him by it in an open letter on some public affair. Mr. Hayward died in a few months, and, remorseless, a joker worried the essayist by declaring that the deceased had merely been killed by this excessive use of his Christian name.

George Henry Thornebury, who has done such good work in general literature, was once asked why he had taken to calling himself "Walter." "As my ballads have made so decided a hit," he explained, "I have decided to call myself Walter altogeth'er."

The questioner smiled, and Thornebury added: "Surely you must see that Henry, Hen-ery, is not a fit name for a writer of ballads, and that George is almost as bad, though no doubt Byron was a George. Walter is a much better name for a poet; so henceforth be good enough to speak to me and think of me as Walter."

A name seems so irrevocable a fact to some of us that we do not stop to consider how recently certain famous ones have been changed or modified. The Alcotts were not originally Alcott, but Alcock; and the Brontës, of good and great memory, were not so many generations before the day of the famous Charlotte, an Irish family named Bruntly. And thus have decided or eccentric men modified the spelling of their names, as they might change the fashion of their beards.

#### SAVED BY A HORSE.

##### A Remarkable Example of Equine Intelligence.

James B. Dill, a New York lawyer, has a little girl about 12 years old, who owes her life to the affection and intelligence of one of Mr. Dill's horses. Mr. Dill has a very fine stable of hunters at his home at Orange.



SAVED BY THE HORSE.

and although he does not hunt himself he loves to ride across country and is out every pleasant morning. He is often accompanied by his daughter. One day recently Mr. Dill went out to ride alone and when he returned to the stable his little daughter came toward the stable to greet him. Mr. Dill was standing inside the stable door, talking with the groom and had the bridle of Jack, the bay horse he had just been riding, in his hand. Suddenly he heard a scream. Jack heard it, too. Before his master had time to turn around the horse had jerked the bridle away and was running across the stable yard.

Mr. Dill followed and what he saw was calculated to make him follow pretty rapidly. His little daughter was being attacked by a dog, a very large one, that did not belong to the place. Its teeth were tearing her dress and she was vainly struggling to free herself. Jack must have had an appreciation of her danger. Running until he had reached the little girl and the dog he reared up on his hind legs and brought his forefeet down with crushing force on the vicious cur. The dog released its hold on the child's clothing and fell; but Jack had not finished his work. Turning just as the dog was about to rise again he let fly his hind legs and gave the cur a kick that landed it in a heap against the wall, ten feet away. Then Jack's work was done—the dog was dead and his friend's life was saved.

#### A Rabbit Drive in Texas.

In the Panhandle of Texas the rabbits are very nearly as much of a nuisance as they are in Australia, and the problem of how to exterminate them is a serious one. Unlike the prairie dog, which moves when civilization reaches his habitation, the rabbit will remain very near the settlements and run the chances of being killed. Parties are formed to drive these rabbits. A triangle, with the sides about a quarter of a mile long and the base about an equal distance across, is formed with closely constructed wire fences or wire screening.

The hunters separate very much as in a fox hunt and, going in a circle, meet a short distance below the base of the triangle, beating the grass as they go. Then, closing in, they drive the rabbits into the triangle, and the animals suspect no danger until they are huddled together at the point. They try to jump the fence, and, falling in that, make a rush to retreat. The hunters are armed with stout clubs and kill them by the hundred. It is not uncommon for two or three thousand to be killed in a single drive. The sport is an exciting one, as the animals are exceedingly quick in their movements and will execute some very artful dodges to try to pass the hunters.

The King of Dahomey, wishing to communicate with his father, who had the excellent fortune to be dead, she could act as messenger. As an instance of filial devotion the case is complex and further confused by the circumstance that while the headman was at work the King looked on, calmly smoking a pipe. The King is clearly entitled to some recognition. He desired to tell the father of his being sent forthwith to join his lamented parents, bearing his own head under his arm.

## OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

### HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious, and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

#### Let Us All Laugh.

The theatrical manager is known by the company he keeps.—Life.

The turning-point in the lives of most farmer boys is at the end of a furrow.—Buffalo Courier.

A man who puts off his enjoyment too long will find it mislaid by the time he gets to it.—Siftings.

The angler is so absorbed in his hobby that he generally fishes with baited breath.—Yonkers Gazette.

If one will hit the mark he may be sure that his enemies as well as his friends will mark the hit.—Galveston News.

"That's another story," as the elevator boy said when the passenger asked to be taken to the next floor above.—Buffalo Courier.

If it is a fact that "everything comes to him who waits," the Philadelphia Philadelphians will eventually get everything.—Yonkers Statesman.

Winter appears to be going, and through the tree-tops the spring zephyrs soon will be breathing a sigh of relief.—Chicago Tribune.

TRAMP—"Madam, I was not always thus." Madam—"No. It was your other arm you had in a sling this morning."—Pearson's Weekly.

MISSIONARY—"I have often wondered what became of my predecessor." Genial Cannibal Chief—"He has gone into the interior."—Pearson's Weekly.

PERHAPS there is something in the notion that under the circumstances a particularly bright girl can do without a light in the parlor.—Philadelphia Times.

"IS THERE anything in this for me?" said the crow to the sportsman, as it lighted on the barrel of the gun resting on his shoulder, and peered into the opening.

"HIT an er fact," said Uncle Eben, "at a little learnin' am a dang'us thing. But doan fongit dat de lictit 'is, de mo dang'us'er 'is."—Washington Star.

ETHEL—"Do you allow Charles to kiss you when you are not yet engaged to him? Maud—"It isn't an allowance. He calls it a perquisite."—Raymond's.

"CONTENTMENT let be fairly inj'ble," said Uncle Eben, "newt be earned by bruh' wahn' Eben 'tain nuffin' but jes' plain laziness."—Washington Star.

EVENS—"Miss Fitz—Very well, I shall sue you for breach of promise. Jack Inatbox—Go ahead; I shall sue you for slander for saying I proposed to you."—Tidder Bits.

"WHAT is country wants," said Uncle Eben, "is some sort of potent contraption wha a man can trap a nickel in de slot an' git religion."—Indianapolis Journal.

JIMMIE—"Isn't this a lovely day? Mamma—Yes, indeed, Jimmie. Jimmie—"I tell you, mamma, if it keeps on this way it will soon be vacation."—Harper's Young People.

"THAT handsome young lady over there by the piano," said Banks, "is the daughter of a wealthy bill-poster, but she doesn't seem to be at all stuck up."—Chicago Tribune.

JUDGE—Witness, are you not the same Schulze who four years ago robbed Silberman, the banker, of 4,000 marks? Witness—No, I am sorry to say.—Lustige Blaetter.

WHEN Blondin at the age of seventy can carry his 150-pound son on a tight-rope there can be no doubt that he is still able to support his family.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

LA FIANCEE—"I am awfully sorry, Jack, but those roses you sent me don't match my gown." Le Fiancee (who paid \$9 a dozen)—"Can't you change your gown, dear?"—Vogue.

TAKING A MEAN ADVANTAGE—"What do you do when your wife gets at you for coming home late?" asked the first deaf and dumb man. "Turn out the gas," responded the other.—Life.

SHE—Where did Miss Fosdick get her lovely golden hair—from her father or her mother? Maude—She must have got it from her father. I notice his is all gone.—Brooklyn Life.

A SAFE DELAY.—JESS—"You said you were going to speak to father when you met him at the club." Jack—"I saw him only once, and then he was \$200 behind the game."—Puck.

A CHICAGO tourist has succeeded in planting a small American flag on one of the highest accessible peaks of the Himalayas. Both are much stuck up in consequence.—Philadelphia Ledger.

JOHNNY—"Pop, what is this Apian Way there's so much about in this book?" Mr. Read (who is superintending his son's education)—"H'm! It's 'When in Rome do as the Romans do,' I suppose!"—Puck.

HUSBAND—"Well, you may buy that cloak—but then you must promise to leave me in peace." Wife—"Oh, certainly; if I have that cloak I can get anything else I want on credit."—Fliegende Blaetter.

RAGGED RICHARD (insultingly)—"Say, mister, have yer got enny suggestions ter make ter a fellow w'at ain't able ter raise er dime ter git shaved w'ith?" Grumble (passing on)—"Yes, raise whiskers."—Buffalo Courier.

#### Not Evidence Enough.

In a Washington County town a little while ago the local champion for stealing hens. 'Twas a pretty plain case, and by the advice of his lawyers, the prisoner said: "I plead guilty." This surprising answer in place of the string of lies expected, staggered the judge. He rubbed his head. "I guess—I'm afraid—well, Hiram," said he, after a thoughtful pause, "I guess I'll have to have more evidence before I sentence you."—Lewiston Journal.

## HOW BUTTONS ARE MADE.

### Many Ways of Manufacturing These Useful Articles.

There are almost as many ways of making them as there are different kinds of buttons, says the Youth's Companion, and it would be impossible in an article of this kind to describe them all. The four-hole metal button, such as is used on the waistbands of trousers, is the kind most extensively sold, and universally known. For that reason a description of their making may be more generally interesting. The metal used for these buttons is mostly the sides of old tomato and fruit cans, and the scraps of tin left from the manufacture of other articles. In some of the better grades brass is used, but in either case the process is the same.

After the tin has been flattened it is taken by girls, who run the sheets through punching-machines, which cut them up into circular pieces a little larger in diameter than the button to be made. At the same time the edges of these disks are turned up all around, somewhat the shape of a round tray. This blank, as it is called, forms the front of the button. Other girls, in the meanwhile, are cutting with similar dies small circular pieces from thin sheets of brown pasteboard, the kind known as strawboard. These, together with the metal blanks, are taken to another machine, where they are put into



MAKING BUTTONS.

perpendicular tubes, which feed them automatically into holes in the top of a revolving steel plate, or table. These holes are arranged in a circle, so that as the plate turns they pass under the two feeding tubes and then under a punch. As the holes pass under the first tube a metal disk is dropped into it with the rimmed side up; when the next tube is reached a pair of steel fingers takes one of the pasteboard disks and fits it into the metal one. At the next turn of the table the punch descends into the hole and crimps the rim over the pasteboard so as to fasten the disks together. At the same time another punch from below rises under the button, and at one operation punches the four thread holes, forms the hollow in the center, and presses whatever ornamental figuring there may be in the face of the button. After this they are dipped in black japan and baked in an oven to harden it.

Finally girls inspect them, and after throwing out imperfect ones pack them in pasteboard boxes holding one gross each. A little better grade of the same button is made with backs of metal instead of pasteboard; but the process of manufacture is the same in both and both kinds are used for the same purpose.

#### TIGER RETRIEVED THE BOMB.

##### But in the Accomplishment of the Feat He Secured Self-obliteration.

"The hero of my story," he began, "and he was a hero of the first water, was an Arkansas farmer who sailed under the honorable name of Miller. Of course you all know that in Arkansas it is against the law of the commonwealth to use dynamite in the public waters. Well, to hurry through the statement of the case, a lot of us came to the conclusion that if we wanted to make a big haul of fish it would be necessary to use a little force. Accordingly dynamite bombs were secured, and we asked Miller to go up stream and throw the bombs in while we, his guests, would gather at a ford a few rods down and secure the floating fish. Miller, accompanied by a highly educated water spaniel, went up the bank and prepared for his attack upon the denizens of the water. He hurled one missile, fuse attached, into the stream. An instant later the dog was in the water, and in a moment he had the bomb in his mouth swimming for the shore.

"'Drop it, Tiger,' shouted the farmer. 'Drop, I say!'"

"But the dog would not obey. He swam wildly forward and in twenty seconds had landed. Miller started to run, the dog coming after him at a break-neck gait. Miller turned toward the fishermen below. They realized the situation in an instant, and leveling their guns warned the farmer to head in another direction. The situation, for all its seriousness, was the funniest that I ever saw. Miller ran wildly down the hill, yelling at the dog to go back.

"'Stop!' he yelled. 'Drop it, Tiger! Go home!' But the dog only increased his efforts to reach his master's side.

"But the end soon came. The fuse burned its length, and then—Miller never recovered even the collar of poor Tiger!"—St. Louis Republic.

The sale of the Sierra Valley and Mohawk Railroad for \$20,000 in satisfaction of lawyers' claims has resulted in some disappointment. Doubtless the lawyers for defending the road against the assaults of rapacity were entitled to pay. But their demands were only for \$20,000. The sale results in the requirement of \$800 that somebody else must inevitably secure. And it would have been so easy and professional to have tacked this trifling onto the bill.

A GIRL was not considered a good singer until she has caused a concert to be postponed because she has a cold.—Atholton Globe.

## AN ILLINOIS MIRACLE.

### A CASE OF DEEP INTEREST TO WOMEN EVERYWHERE.

Saved Through a Casual Glance at a Newspaper—Weak, Pale and in a Desperate Condition When Relief Came—A Remarkable Narrative Carefully Investigated by a Dubuque Times Reporter.

#### [Dubuque, Iowa, Times.]

Among the peculiar conditions with which the people of the present age are endowed is a remarkable capacity for doubting. The times determined upon a thorough investigation into a medical case out in Savanah, Ill., as a matter of news, with the result that the case was even more remarkable than the public had been given to understand. Mrs. Kenyon was a good talker, and told the story in a terse way as follows: "I was born in Warren County, New York, thirty-three years ago. I was married when I was 19 and came to Savanah seven years later. With the exception of the times when subjected to violent sick headaches, I considered myself a healthy woman up to five years ago. At that time I was very much run down and an easy prey to the over present malaria in and about the Mississippi bottom lands. I was taken violently ill. The local physicians said I was affected by malaria and intermittent fever. I continually grew weaker and finally went to see Dr. Very, of Clinton, who is a graduate to be one of the best physicians in the Mississippi valley. He treated me for a time without beneficial effects. I then consulted a prominent doctor of Savanah, Mr. Maloney, and he said the medicine he gave me was bad and he came to the conclusion that my stomach was badly diseased. Occasionally I would choke down and nearly suffocate. I then went to Dr. Maloney and he pronounced it a case of indigestion. He helped me only temporarily. All this time I had grown weaker and paler until I was in a deplorable condition. I had a continual feeling of tiredness, my muscular power was nearly gone, and I could not go up half a dozen steps without resting, and often that much exercise would cause me to have a terrible pain in my side. Seemingly, the blood had left my veins. I was pale as death; my lips were blue and cold, and I had given up all hope of ever getting better. My husband insisted that I should take some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When there had been used I continued their use and felt I was growing stronger; my sleep refreshed me and it seemed as if I could feel new blood coursing through my veins. I kept on taking Pink Pills until a short time ago, and now I consider myself a healthy, rugged woman. My house is full of boarders, and I superintend all the work myself. In other words, I work all the time and am happy all the time. I am now going to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People saved my life, and I believe there are thousands of women who could find great relief if they used them. The sick headaches I was subject to from indigestion have been completely cured. I had not a single attack since I commenced taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

One of her neighbors said: "Mrs. Kenyon's recovery is something marvellous. She improved in color, gained weight, and was the palest and most ghost-like person I had ever seen. If miracles are not performed in these days I would be pleased to know how to describe a case of this kind." People, it seems, contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unalloyed specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of the grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration, all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppression, irregularities of all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale or sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excess of whatever nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. They are never sold by the dozen or hundred.

#### Editor Not to Be Muzzled.

On Friday last Councilman David Smith turned his little finger over his thumb a few times too often, became uproariously drunk and was promptly arrested by Marshal Davis and lodged in the locking stock. He was taken before Judge Neal Monday and was fined \$2 and trimmings. We wish to say in this connection that we were informed not to write this up, but will say that it is a news item and is a matter that the public have a right through their local paper to know about.—Vanceburg Sun.

#### Frisk of a Fish.

In the window of a cigar store on Columbus avenue, New York, is to be seen a freak of nature that attracts much attention. It is a goldfish without any fin on its back. Otherwise it is perfectly developed, and seems to suffer no inconvenience from the absence of this part of its anatomy. There is said to be but one other such specimen in the country, and it is a stuffed one in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

#### A Standard Bearer.

In the crusade inaugurated nearly half a century ago against the professional ignorance of the old school of medicine, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters was







## STEALS A MAD RIDE.

### MR. GALLAHAN RUNS OFF WITH AN ENGINE.

North Carolina's Great Loss—Furious Ohio Mob Dishes Sheriff and Militia and Lynch a Negro—Disastrous Roadhouse Dies at Ann Arbor.

**Fun of a Madman.**  
Michael Callahan, of Chicago, stole a locomotive early Sunday morning. The engine has been recovered. Callahan only got away about a quarter of a mile with his plunder when it left the track. Callahan has been employed by William Green, superintendent of railroads in Jackson Park, for two years. He got drunk Saturday night and wanted a ride. Callahan was taken to the station and taken away. He was taken to the station and taken away. He was taken to the station and taken away.

### DECREASE IN FAILURES.

Favorable Progress Has Been Interrupted, but the Outlook Is Hopeful.  
R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says:

Business improvement meets many obstacles and is scarcely as distinct as it has been in recent weeks. Builders have checked the improvement in building and in some other trades, and scarcity of coal has caused closing of some iron works. While a strike of all bituminous coal miners is ordered, and may prove serious. More favorable crop reports than were expected, which justify larger hopes for next fall, have arrested the upward tendency in prices of products. The renewal of gold exports occasioned some disquiet, but the gradual exhaustion of gold in the hands of dealers makes the consumption of the people more distinctly felt and apparently larger, and this demand increases the gain in number of hands at work. It cannot be said that the uncertainty as to the future has materially diminished, but there is evident a growing impression that there will be no growing legislation on the currency or the tariff. This impression, whether erroneous or not, influences the action of many. The action of the government is still obstructed by uncertainties. It has not been arrested. The most cheering sign is the decrease in importance of commercial failures.

### LAKE ERIE DRAINED OF FISH.

Many of the Ohio Companies Are Seeking New Fields.

A few days ago nine carloads of fishing nets, a small tug and other fishing apparatus were shipped from Sandusky to a point near the Lake of the Woods on a boundary line between the United States and Manitoba. The shipper was the Sandusky Fish Company, which is composed of the combined fish companies of that city. Lake Erie is said to have been drained of fish, there being too many fishermen for the stock. Nothing but soft or the least of fish remain and the company goes north under the belief that great quantities of whitefish and sturgeon are to be had with comparative ease. It is said that other fishing companies along the north coast of Lake Erie will soon follow suit. Nothing but soft or the least of fish remain and the company goes north under the belief that great quantities of whitefish and sturgeon are to be had with comparative ease. It is said that other fishing companies along the north coast of Lake Erie will soon follow suit.

### BIG STRIKE BEGUN.

Great Northern Road from Laramie to Spokane Tied Up.

A general strike of the Great Northern Railway extending from Laramie, N. D., to Spokane, Wash., on the main line, and from Havre to Butte, on the Montana Central, was inaugurated at noon Friday. Nearly 1,000 miles of road are tied up. The strike embraces all classes of employees. Every conductor, engineer, fireman, brakeman, operator, clerk, shopman, section man, car repairer, and coal hauler between the points named quit work together, and the switchmen with the exception of those employed in the Butte yard.

### Death of Senator Vance.

Senator Vance, of North Carolina, died at his residence, No. 1728 Massachusetts avenue, Washington, D. C., at 10:40 o'clock Saturday night. He had a stroke of apoplexy in the morning. He had been suffering for some time from paralysis and a complication of diseases, but the end was sudden and unexpected, as he was regaining his health and it was thought was on the road to recovery. He was compelled to leave the city to leave the Senate and go to Florida. Here he grew somewhat better, and in view of the struggle over the tariff he returned to Washington. He was a member of the Committee on Finance, but took little or no part in framing the present tariff bill. His last appearance in the Senate was eight weeks ago.

### Died the Militia.

Beymour Nevins, a negro with a bad reputation, committed a crime last Saturday night, upon an aged woman named Mrs. Knowles, living at Bushyville, Logan county, Ohio. He was captured Sunday morning, and, despite the fact that the sheriff summoned a strong posse and the Bellefontaine militia, a furious mob lynched the culprit.

### Sudden Death of Corydon C. Ford.

Dr. Corydon C. Ford, M. D., L. R. C., for forty years a member of the Army at the University of Michigan, died at his home in Ann Arbor at 3 o'clock Saturday morning. His death was entirely unexpected.

### Killed by an Unknown Assassin.

The other night an unknown man assassinated Thomas Waldron, a farmer who lived west of Mead, Ohio, discharging the contents of a shotgun through the window. The charge took effect in Waldron's head. No clue has been discovered.

### Sad Death of a Young Hero.

Willie Ruston, aged 14, was drowned at Vicksburg, Miss., while attempting to save the life of a young girl who had fallen into the Mississippi. The little girl was saved later, but her brave rescuer perished.

### Freight Train Into an Express.

A serious railroad accident took place at Silverbrook, near Harlan, Pa. A Pennsylvania Railroad freight train ran into a Lehigh Valley Railroad express train, killing one man and injuring many others.

### Russell Sage to Appeal.

The papers are being prepared in the appeal of Russell Sage from the verdict assessing him in damages to the tune of \$35,000 for making a target of Bookkeeper Laidlaw when Norcross, the anarchist, attempted to blow the banker to pieces with a dynamite bomb.

### Woman Wants to Be Town Marshal.

As one result of the franchise being extended to women in Colorado, Mrs. C. E. Hahon, of Newcastle, is a candidate for Town Marshal and has three masculine opponents. After the town board had taken forty ballots the board adjourned without making a selection.

## EXPENSES OF EXPERIMENT STATIONS.

Secretary Meritt has submitted to the House Committee on Agriculture some amendments to his estimates of appropriations for the fiscal year 1904.

The most important is a reduction of agricultural experiment stations, which were omitted from the estimates for reasons which the Secretary explained in his annual report. This amendment includes the necessary appropriations for the stations to carry out the program of the act passed March 7, 1887, but the following proviso is attached:

Provided that the annual reports of the expenditures of this fund made by the several stations, as now required under this act, shall be fully itemized according to blank schedules, which shall be prepared by the Secretary of Agriculture.

With this proviso Secretary Meritt is willing that the appropriation for the stations shall be included in the appropriations for the fiscal year 1904.

The Secretary declared in a recent conference that while the aggregate expense of the department were now running at the rate of \$34,658,70 per annum, less than a year ago, a larger amount was being spent for science applied to agriculture than ever before in the history of the department.

### ANOTHER BOND ISSUE.

Reported Purpose of Secretary Carlisle's Visit to New York.

A Washington dispatch says: There is talk of another bond issue, and the question of the new issue is all prominent in the financial world and is credited with close relations with the administration. According to current gossip the issue will be made in July, provided the tariff bill is not passed before that time. It is not thought, however, that the Senate and House will agree upon a measure for several months. And so the bonds will come. The confidential agent of a prominent Wall Street bank says that the real purpose of Secretary Carlisle's visit to New York last week was to discover the sentiment of the bankers in regard to a new bond issue and the prospects of placing it on the same, if not better, terms than those which governed the sale of the last issue. Very little information on the subject can be obtained at the treasury department, in fact, nothing of a definite nature. The issue, it made, will be five per cent sold at sufficient premium to make them equivalent to 3 per cent.

### LABOR IS VICTORIOUS.

Contractors' Lockout at Chicago Proves to Be a Grand Failure.

Organized labor has won the first day's skirmish in the conflict which a few contractors are making to keep the Chicago street car building trade at Chicago. The issue, it made, will be five per cent sold at sufficient premium to make them equivalent to 3 per cent.

### Wild Wreck and Death.

Wednesday morning, almost within the walls of New York harbor, but with a trifling gap between her and safety, the schooner Kate Markee was driven upon Sandy Hook and her crew of seven lost. Eight lives were undoubtedly lost by the wreck of the schooner, which was the last of the Smith, of Providence, of Massachusetts, N. J., early the same morning. Other wrecks are known to have occurred, with fatalities that will swell the total on the Atlantic coast alone to over thirty. The storm was one of the most terrific experienced for years.

### Blow at Breckinridge.

The New Albany Presbyterian took action in the Breckinridge-Pollard scandal and adopted resolutions to be presented at the general assembly, which meets at Nashville next May, asking that men of dissolute and immoral habits be excluded from the national councils.

### Militia for Rockford Encampment.

Brigadier General Andrew Welch has ordered his full staff of officers and five companies of the Third Regiment Illinois National Guards, to report in Rockford during the coming G. A. R. encampment May 15, 16, and 17, and take part in the parade.

### Bids for Indian Supplies.

Arrangements for the opening of bids for furnishing supplies for the Indian service have been completed at the Bureau of Indian Affairs. The bids will be opened in Chicago on May 15 and in New York on May 18.

### Mello Takes Rio Grande City.

Dr. Silveira Martins, the Brazilian revolutionist at Montevideo, received a telegram saying that the insurgent forces under Admiral de Mello have occupied Rio Grande City.

### General Strike Ordered.

The United Mine Workers of America have ordered a general strike. J. A. Crawford, of Illinois, member of the Executive Board, presented the resolution to strike.

### Joseph Was Poisoned.

Joseph Hadley, who died suddenly and mysteriously at Fort Snelling, Astoria, Washington, was poisoned with strychnine.

### MARKET QUOTATIONS.

CHICAGO.		4 30	4 30
CATTLE—Common Prime	4 30	4 30	4 30
HOGS—Shipping Prime	4 30	4 30	4 30
WHEAT—No. 1	4 30	4 30	4 30
CORN—No. 2	4 30	4 30	4 30
RYE—No. 1	4 30	4 30	4 30
BARLEY—No. 1	4 30	4 30	4 30
BUTTER—Creamery	4 30	4 30	4 30
EGGS—Fresh	4 30	4 30	4 30
INDIANAPOLIS.		4 30	4 30
CATTLE—Common Prime	4 30	4 30	4 30
HOGS—Shipping Prime	4 30	4 30	4 30
WHEAT—No. 1	4 30	4 30	4 30
CORN—No. 2	4 30	4 30	4 30
RYE—No. 1	4 30	4 30	4 30
BARLEY—No. 1	4 30	4 30	4 30
BUTTER—Creamery	4 30	4 30	4 30
EGGS—Fresh	4 30	4 30	4 30
LOUISVILLE.		4 30	4 30
CATTLE—Common Prime	4 30	4 30	4 30
HOGS—Shipping Prime	4 30	4 30	4 30
WHEAT—No. 1	4 30	4 30	4 30
CORN—No. 2	4 30	4 30	4 30
RYE—No. 1	4 30	4 30	4 30
BARLEY—No. 1	4 30	4 30	4 30
BUTTER—Creamery	4 30	4 30	4 30
EGGS—Fresh	4 30	4 30	4 30
CINCINNATI.		4 30	4 30
CATTLE—Common Prime	4 30	4 30	4 30
HOGS—Shipping Prime	4 30	4 30	4 30
WHEAT—No. 1	4 30	4 30	4 30
CORN—No. 2	4 30	4 30	4 30
RYE—No. 1	4 30	4 30	4 30
BARLEY—No. 1	4 30	4 30	4 30
BUTTER—Creamery	4 30	4 30	4 30
EGGS—Fresh	4 30	4 30	4 30
DETROIT.		4 30	4 30
CATTLE—Common Prime	4 30	4 30	4 30
HOGS—Shipping Prime	4 30	4 30	4 30
WHEAT—No. 1	4 30	4 30	4 30
CORN—No. 2	4 30	4 30	4 30
RYE—No. 1	4 30	4 30	4 30
BARLEY—No. 1	4 30	4 30	4 30
BUTTER—Creamery	4 30	4 30	4 30
EGGS—Fresh	4 30	4 30	4 30
ST. LOUIS.		4 30	4 30
CATTLE—Common Prime	4 30	4 30	4 30
HOGS—Shipping Prime	4 30	4 30	4 30
WHEAT—No. 1	4 30	4 30	4 30
CORN—No. 2	4 30	4 30	4 30
RYE—No. 1	4 30	4 30	4 30
BARLEY—No. 1	4 30	4 30	4 30
BUTTER—Creamery	4 30	4 30	4 30
EGGS—Fresh	4 30	4 30	4 30
NEW YORK.		4 30	4 30
CATTLE—Common Prime	4 30	4 30	4 30
HOGS—Shipping Prime	4 30	4 30	4 30
WHEAT—No. 1	4 30	4 30	4 30
CORN—No. 2	4 30	4 30	4 30
RYE—No. 1	4 30	4 30	4 30
BARLEY—No. 1	4 30	4 30	4 30
BUTTER—Creamery	4 30	4 30	4 30
EGGS—Fresh	4 30	4 30	4 30

## RACE.

Leave me here those looks of yours!

All those pretty airs and lures; Flush of cheek and flash of eye; Your lips smile and your deep dye; Glean of the white teeth within; Dimple of the cleft chin; All the sunshine that you wear In the summer of your hair; All the morning of your face; All your figure's wilding grace; The flower-rose of your head, the light Flutter of your footstep's flight; I own all, and that glad heart I must claim ere you depart.

Go, yet go not unconsented!

Sometimes, after you are old, You shall come, and I will take From your brow the sunken ash, From your eyes the twilight haze, Darkening upon winter days, From your feet their paly pace, And the wrinkles from your face, From your lock the snow, the droop Of your head, your worn frame's stoop, And that withered smile within The kissing of the nose and chin; I own all, and that glad heart I must claim ere you depart.

I am Race, and both are mine—

Mortal Age and Youth divine; Mine to grant, but not in fee; Both again revert to me From each that lives, that I may give Unto each that yet shall live. —(W. D. Howells, in Harper's Magazine.)

## THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

BY WILLARD N. JENKINS.

The clergymen who had successively, but alas! not successfully, filled the pastorate of Farmingdale, had had good reason to congratulate themselves when they left the place. They had all been married men; they had all had large families and small salaries, and they had never given satisfaction. After the first few months the trustees had groaned over the salary; the elders decided that Brother A. "wasn't gifted in prayer;" the congregation complained of not being visited enough, of not being sufficiently edified, and wondered whether the minister couldn't do more good in another place. And then matters came to a crisis, and there was a vacancy in the Farmingdale pulpit, and a succession of ministers young and old, who preached by request and generally made a favorable impression. And finally another call was made, another pastor came, who was welcomed cordially, treated to donation parties, and then descended in popular favor until his light died out in darkness.

Farmingdale was particularly unfortunate in this respect; it was in fact famed for its dismissal of pastors without popular approval. Many a grave, middle-aged man gave good advice to Arthur Bartlett, the newly-fledged clergyman, who had proclaimed himself ready to be installed as pastor of the church in Farmingdale. Men of much experience had failed there—able men, too, whose orthodoxy could not be doubted. Bartlett was a man of promise—why should he doom himself to disappointment at the beginning of the act? But Bartlett, ardent, hopeful, and only twenty-five, was all the more resolved to accept the call. He hoped to succeed where no one else had ever succeeded; to do good, to become beloved, and to end his days where he had begun his work. It was a pure and beautiful ambition, although worldly men might smile at it as being very humble. So Arthur Bartlett came to Farmingdale, and stood before the pulpit during the ceremony of installation, and received the charge with an humble determination (God being his helper) to obey it; and the next Sabbath stood in the pulpit and preached unto the people.

There are some young men who have a woman's beauty without being effeminate. Arthur Bartlett was one of these. He had soft, golden-brown hair, which could not be called red by his greatest enemy, a broad, high forehead, white as flesh and blood could be, and a color that came and went, now the faintest tinge of rose, now deepest carnation. Moreover, he was neither puny nor ungoverned, stood straight as an arrow, and had a voice clear and singularly musical, and powerful enough to fill the church without an effort.

That day bright eyes looked up at the young minister, and many a girl, if the truth were known, thought more of his fair face than of his sermon. But he preached with all his heart in the words he uttered, and thought not at all of any one of them.

Perhaps they did not quite understand this; for that day the young ladies took a violent fancy to the new minister, and most of them resolved to do all they could to make Farmingdale pleasant for him. Of course he would marry soon. He needed a wife, they decided. Sewing societies, fairs and tea-drinkings followed each other in quick succession. Farmingdale, so to speak, caroused, though in a genteel and virtuous fashion, for the next three months, and Miss Allen, the dressmaker, took a new apprentice, and superintended the fitting department herself, leaving the needle to vulgar hands, so great was the demand upon her skill. New bonnets, fearfully and wonderfully made, came by express from "the city," and the five Misses Marden excited unparalleled envy by appearing in pink silk dresses.

There never had been such a successful minister before; nobody dared to find fault with him, upheld by all the womankind of Farmingdale—young and old, grandmothers, granddaughters, mammae, spinsters, aunts and school girls.

of mind, and young farmers were flitted, one and all, in the most ruthless manner, for the fair-haired young pastor, who had no more thought of aspiring to be king of hearts in Farmingdale than he had of being a millionaire, but was gentle and amiable to all alike.

And so the weeks passed on. Spring vanished, summer followed in her steps, autumn came; and amidst the balmy days, when a golden haze hung over everything, and the orchards were rich with ripened fruit, and the moon seemed rounder and more brilliant than it ever was before, Arthur Bartlett took the train to Portland one evening, and it was known that there was to be a strange face in the pulpit on the next Sabbath.

There was a special tea-drinking at Deacon Green's to discuss the cause of this; and stories started no one knew when or by whom, were circulated.

His mother was ill. No; that could not be, for Miss Wood knew that he had lost his mother years before.

Somebody had told Deacon Green that an old uncle had died, leaving the minister a large fortune. This was very favorably received and gained universal belief. It would have been firmly established but for Mrs. Thurston, who had neither daughter nor granddaughter herself, and who enjoyed being on the "off side," saying, with a wise shake of her head, "I don't believe any such story; it's my opinion that the minister has gone to get married."

Mrs. Thurston's words threw cold water on the enthusiasm of maids and mothers, although they all declared that "it couldn't possibly be so."

It was not the reputation of the Rev. Augustus Dent that drew so large a congregation at the little church on the next Sabbath. Curiosity led most of the ladies thither, and it was gratified to the utmost; for in his very first prayer the old gentleman uttered an earnest supplication for the pastor of the church, who during his absence would take upon himself the solemn obligations of married life.

Might Heaven bless him and the young and pious lady whom he had chosen for his companion, etc. It was a prayer worth hearing, but the ladies of Farmingdale heard nothing after the wonderful revelation. They were lost in astonishment, and hurried away, after the benediction, to discuss the affair by their own firesides. And on Monday, when it was known that Bridget O'Neil had been engaged to scrub and scour the parsonage, and that a piano had arrived, the certainty of the awful news being joined in denouncing Mr. Bartlett as a despicable flirt. "And" said the indignant mamma of the five Misses Marden, "of all men, a minister of the gospel should blush to earn such a reputation. Why, I couldn't tell which one of my girls he wanted, he was so attentive to all of them. I'm afraid he isn't such a man as we thought."

The excitement lasted all the week, and was still strong on the next Sabbath, when a young girl walked up the church aisle with the minister, and the Farmingdale girls looked upon a face so lovely that none of them could resort to the usual course of declaring her "not a bit good-looking."

They were decorous and prudent in Farmingdale, and complied with all the forms of courtesy. Mrs. Bartlett was called upon by all the ladies of her husband's flock, was invited out to tea, and was favored with a donation party; nevertheless a keen observer could have seen that something was wrong. The ladies did not take kindly to their pastor's wife, and soon the clouds began to gather.

At first, in whispers, Mrs. Bartlett's bonnet was too gay, she felt above them, was not a good housekeeper, not spiritual-minded enough.

At last there was louder, more serious fault-finding, not only with the minister's wife, but with the minister himself.

The women began it; the men were talked over by their wives and daughters; finally the first step was taken. Mr. Marden and his family gave up their pew, and found themselves more edified by the clergyman in the next town; others followed their example. The fault-finding and slander reached the parsonage itself, and Ann Bartlett, with her head upon her husband's shoulder, sobbed.

"What shall I do, Arthur! I mean to help you and to make them like me, and you see how it is. It must be my fault, but I don't know what to do."

And the young man soothed his weeping wife, and bade her have good cheer, for matters would soon mend, and all would be well.

He was mistaken. Matters did not mend; they grew worse, and a year from the date of his marriage, came to a climax. The trustees waited upon him in his study, and bemoaned their wrongs. They paid a fair salary, and they expected the pastor to do his part; but he had failed. Besides, his wife should have been instructed in her duty. She was generally disliked; if the minister's wife was not popular it was a very unpleasant thing. Could he explain?

Of course the visit ended as they expected; there was but one consummation possible, and in a day or so Farmingdale knew that their pastor would soon leave the place forever.

The winter set in warm and moist, instead of cold and bracing. Everybody declared that it was "dreadful unhealthful weather." At length rumors of prevailing ill health spread over Farmingdale, and the minister packing his books in his study, came to hear of them. Whole families of children sickened and lay low, and a dread cry arose—"It is malignant diphtheria!"

One day Arthur Bartlett left his home to perform the burial service over the graves of two children of one family; and the next the father called him to the bedside of his wife to see her die. And with these deaths the horrors of that time never to be forgotten by any who dwell there, began in earnest.

Men, women, and children sickened with the terrible disease. Horror seized those yet unsmitten, and they fled. Farmingdale became a great lazaretto, and Arthur Bartlett said to his young wife:

"Let us go quickly, darling, before

## the scourge falls upon our household.

But she, as she spoke, left her seat, and knelt before him, resting her head upon his breast, as he sat before their evening fire, in a child-like fashion all her own; and as he caressed her tenderly, whispered:

"Arthur, do not bid me go, for I must stay here, and do all I can—watch with them, pray with them, nurse them, strive to comfort the bereaved. I should indeed be all they think of me if I, their pastor's wife, fled at such a time. Oh, I cannot go."

The man listened at first unconvinced. "Ann, my dear," he said gently, "we owe them nothing. Remember, they have used us shamefully, and I am actually their pastor no longer."

But his wife pleaded earnestly; pleaded to stay amidst the danger, and touching his heart by her sweet Christian spirit brought him at last to consent.

And at dawn the two went forth upon their mission. In their selfish horror kindfolk fled from each other. Sisters shrunk from those who had been nursed at the same breast; children deserted their parents, and friends grew brutal to each other, but those two young creatures never swerved from their appointed task; like ministering angels they went from house to house, aiding the weary physician, supporting the mother's failing courage, heaping coals of fire on the heads of the Farmingdale people. Sometimes they were together, but more frequently apart; there was so much to do. When they could they met in the old parsonage, but often they were separated for several days. But their prayers followed each other always.

It was a trying time, but they were very faithful and courageous. Some of those who had been most cruel to Ann Bartlett were her patients now, and lay helpless as infants while she watched over them.

When, save for her, no friend had watched beside the couch of loathsome disease; when her own hands robbed the dead infant for its last good-bye; when she sat all night in the parsonage and it was known to all what minister she had taken upon herself, wonder filled the village, and in a little while there arose to heaven many fervent prayers for Ann Bartlett and her husband.

All through the winter the pestilence raged, then when so many homes were left desolate, it began to abate, and on May day the church bell was rung to tell the people that the dread disease was stayed.

But before night sad news was carried around the village. She who had watched with the sick, who had closed the eyes of the dead, who had been so gentle and patient, was smitten, now that she was no longer needed.

The windows of the parsonage were darkened, and silence as of death reigned throughout its rooms, for the angel of the house lay trembling on the margin of the grave. Another pastor preached on that Sabbath in Farmingdale, and all knew well why he was there. Arthur Bartlett watched beside his darling's bed, and never left it day or night.

Then the hearts of those to whom she had ministered went up in prayer that she might be spared to them and to him; and their prayers were answered—Ann Bartlett lived.

Arthur Bartlett is still the pastor in Farmingdale for the penitent people will not part with him. Through his wife, his cherished wish has come to pass; and in his parish there is only one more loved and revered than the minister—now white-haired and venerable—and that one is the minister's wife.—Yankee Blade.

## Farming in France.

The report of the Secretary of the English Legation in Paris has just been submitted to parliament. It appears from the report that no less than 14,000,000 of the inhabitants of France, i. e., three-quarters of the agricultural population, are occupied in small farming. There are 4,802,697 farms of twenty acres or under, which cover an area of 24,900,214 acres, or one-fourth of the total of the land capable of cultivation. Butter, eggs, chickens, grain, vegetables, fruit, milk, cheese, and in a certain degree cattle, sheep and pigs are the products they rely upon. Sheep, and if we except a few calves, cattle, other wise than for the dairy, are clearly not suited for production on such small farms. Grain may also be at an economic disadvantage, but everything else here enumerated would be suitable for small holders in England.

Producers in France suffer, as do those of England, from middlemen and heavy transit charges, for articles of commerce which are only worth from eight to ten cents each in England are sold in Paris the following day for 50 cents; the difference is swallowed up by the railways, the brokers and the retail merchants. The transport system from Finistere to London via St. Malo, is also unsatisfactory, both as regards cost and speed, and attention is being directed towards establishing a direct trade with Manchester. In Normandy, however, producers are better treated, as they realize three-fourths of the price paid by consumers. In some parts of Brittany they do well, but in others they only get one-fourth. The system of association for the mutual protection of agricultural interests is making great strides.

The atmosphere is at all times charged with dust particles to a degree difficult to realize. The most pure air tested by Professor Atkins previous to his celebrated experiments at the Observatory at Ben Nevis, contained about 94,000 such particles to the cubic inch, which would give 85,232,000 particles to every cubic foot, or 85,232,000,000 to a horizontal column of such air extending but 1,000 feet high.

It would be interesting to see a calculation on the number of deadly microbes in the same proportion of "the air" we breathe.—[St. Louis Republic.]

## Dust Particles in the Air.

The atmosphere is at